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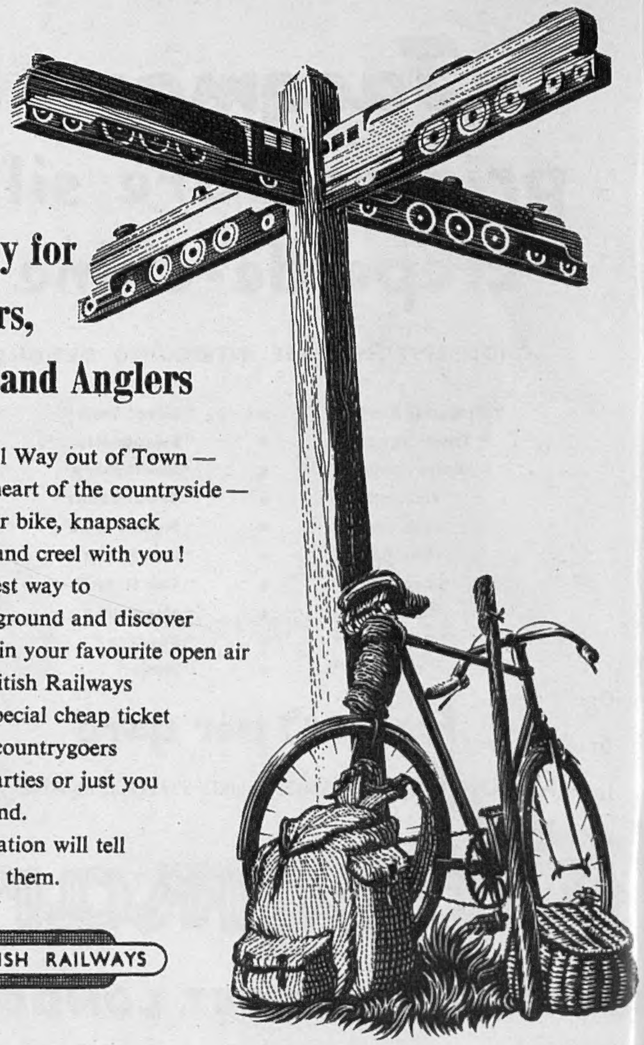

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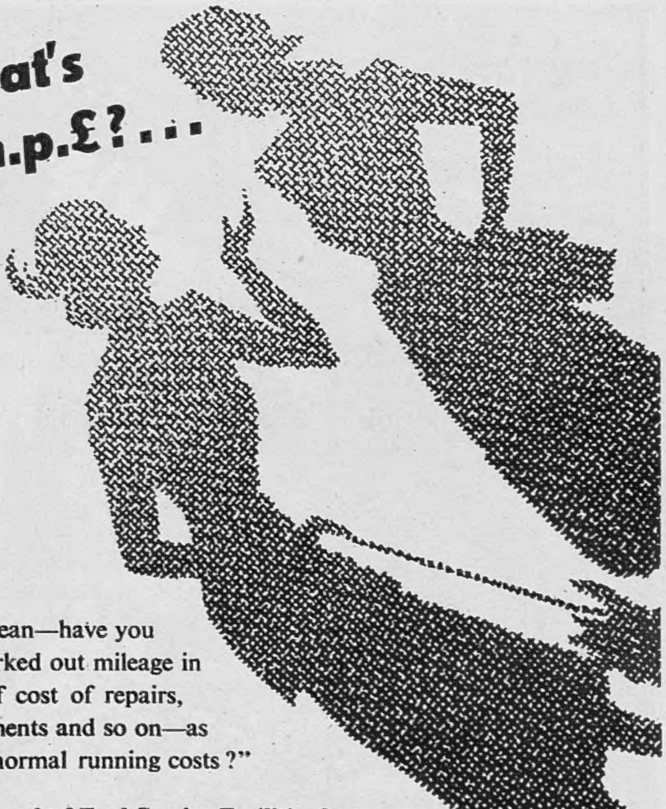

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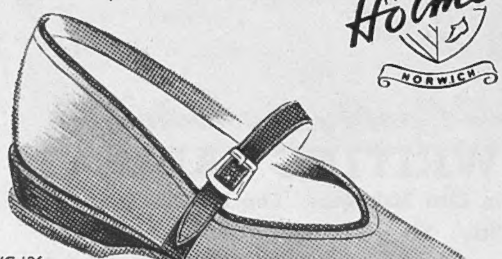

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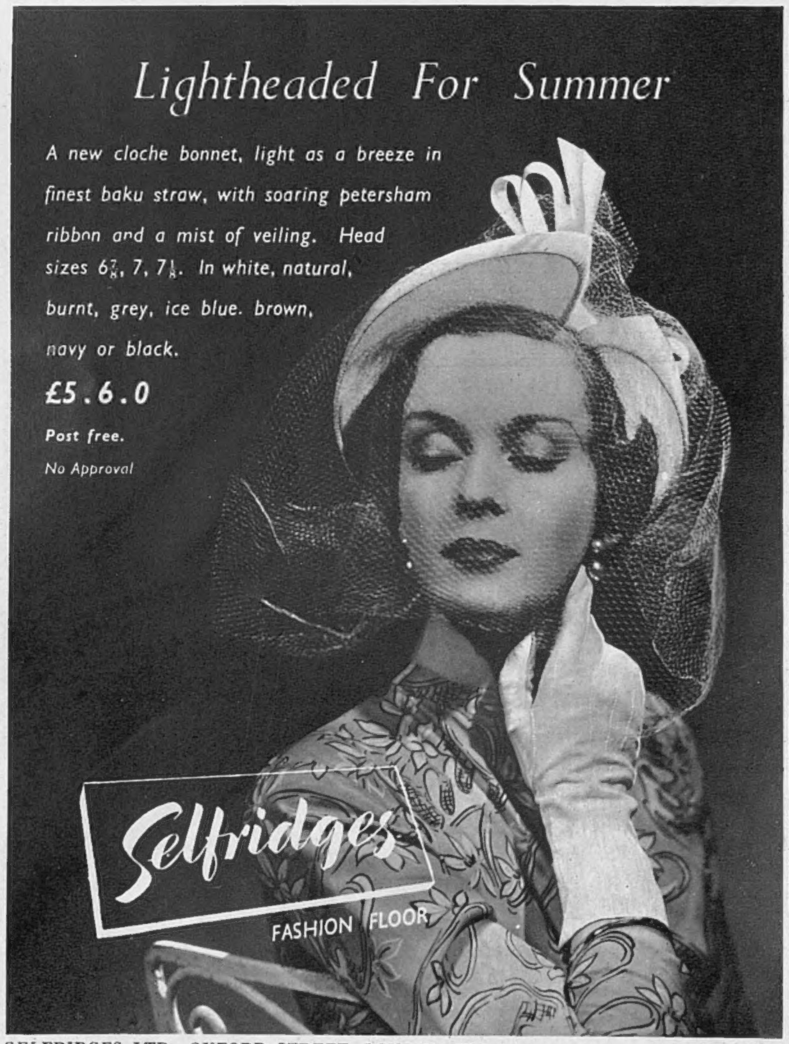

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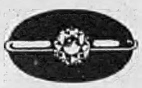

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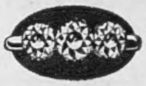

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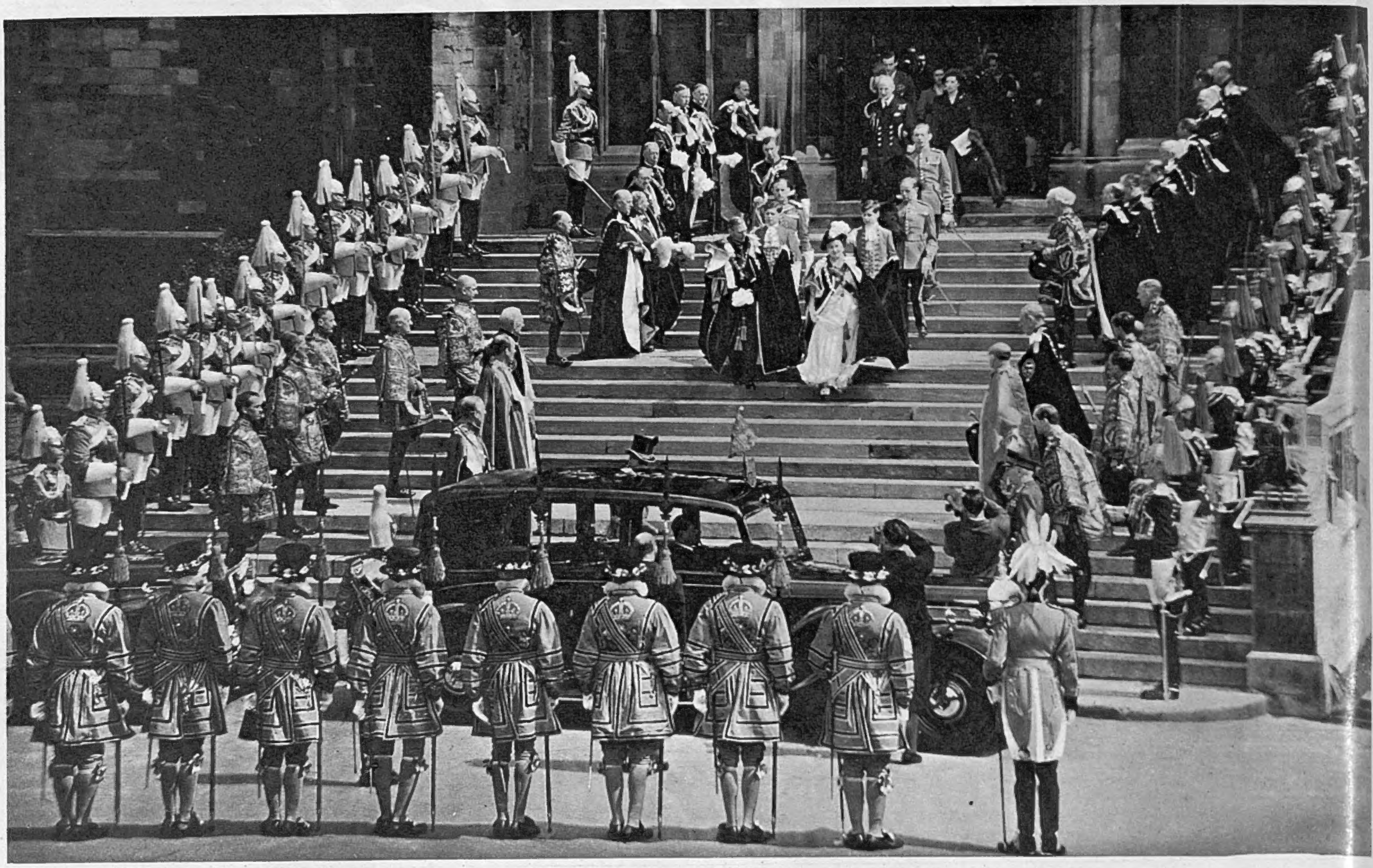
The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1950

STAR OF EGYPT

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD exotic Egyptian, Camelia, has just completed *Poison Road*, a new British film about the anti-narcotic drive in Egypt which is due in London shortly. She plays opposite Eric Portman, with Laurence Harvey and French star Maria Mauban; was discovered in Cairo by producer Aubrey Baring when the film unit was on location there. [Photographed by ANTHONY BUCKLEY.]



THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, IN THE SPLENDOUR OF MEDIÆVAL PAGEANTRY, AFTER THE ANNUAL SERVICE OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER, ON APRIL 27.

INSIDE INFORMATION

BEVERLEY BAXTER quotes an American reply to his "Sketch-Book" plea on behalf of American visitors.

IVOR BROWN contributes our "Candid Cameo," which marks the jubilee of Bruce Ingram as Editor-in-Chief of "The Illustrated London News."

C. A. LEJEUNE writes at length on *Retour à la Vie* and *All the King's Men*, and comments briefly on other current films.

J. C. TREWIN, our dramatic critic, features *The Green Bay Tree* (with caricatures by GRIFF), and presents a brief guide to established West End productions.

CYRIL BUTCHER contributes his regular Television commentary, covering programmes and activities of the Alexandra Palace team.

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE deals at length with four current novels, and in brief with other recent publications, in our "Bookshelf" feature.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

IN this issue I propose, with the Editor's enthusiastic approval, to hand over *Sketch-Book* to a guest writer. The lady in question is Mrs. Ariel Hall, of Boston, Massachusetts, a city which once gave an historic tea-party that produced rather more than a storm in a teacup.

Mrs. Hall read some recent comments of mine in *Sketch-Book* concerning our desire in Britain to keep American tourists on the Island as long as possible. It seems that my denunciation of ice-water has somewhat irked Mrs. Hall on the grounds that the humour in the joke has long since melted. In all humility I bow to the soft impeachment.

With admirable perception and with a friendliness that must warm every British heart (although she doubts if we are ever warm over here), Mrs. Hall gives her ideas of how we could make Britain a more pleasant place for the American visitor. I commend her words to Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord Hacking, the Hotels Association, the British Railways, and our shopkeepers.

If any readers of *Sketch-Book* care to comment on her suggestions, or if they have any ideas of their own to cheer up the British scene, I will try to find space for them in subsequent issues of this family journal, Editor permitting.

Fellow Citizens, I give you our guest artist to-day, Mrs. Ariel Hall :—

AN AMERICAN LOOKS AT BRITAIN.

NOTHING pleases one more than to discover that HIS particular qualities, characteristics, phobias, virtues—even his faults—are the object of intense interest by someone else. It 's a flattering attention. And so, Americans are fascinated by the discussion of themselves by the English. Cousins, your ideas of us are always interesting, but, it seems, not always correct.

My thesis is based on a few paragraphs by Beverley Baxter in a recent issue of *Sketch* on the subject of enticing Americans to England and keeping them there for a reasonable time, instead of " seeing them use us merely as a jumping-off platform to the Continent." Now I 'm an American who has recently spent a " reasonable time " in England, and I may be able to give you a few new ideas on the subject. These are just MY ideas, you understand, and I speak quite unofficially. Who objects then, must consult with the ghost of Jeremy Bentham, who wrote that " He who thinks, and thinks for himself, will always have a claim to thanks ; it is no matter whether it be right or wrong, so as it be explicit. If it is right, it will serve as a guide to direct ; if wrong, as a beacon to warn."

I 'm weary of that well-worn cliché about providing Americans with ice-water. Ice-water,

ice-water—it 's becoming a bit of a bore. We don't particularly want ice-water ; we do like cold things COLD. We like cold water, and cold beer, and cold cocktails. We also like hot things HOT. We like hot soup, and hot tea, and hot coffee. Speaking of coffee, that 's our national drink, and it would please us enormously if you could get together on your method of making it. I have had delicious coffee in England ; and then again, particularly on trains, it has been so bad that even I couldn't drink it. I say " even I " because when *I* can't drink something that calls itself coffee, it must be bad.

Another subject that interests Americans is FOOD. It seems difficult to get what we call good food in the average English restaurant. One sometimes dines well at a luxury hotel or restaurant. But if one's pocket-book calls for something less expensive, one often gets some horrible, dyspepsia-causing concoctions. And if you think Americans never try the cheaper places you are mistaken. We aren't all millionaires ; it takes quite a slice out of the average traveller's savings just to reach your shores. Even the best restaurants could profit by a course at the Cordon bleu ; the lesser ones—decidedly. Give us vegetables that have not had all the goodness boiled out of them ; butter to make them taste good. Give us roast beef and steak—some of the things for which England is famous. Give us ice-cream that is made from cream, and cakes that don't all taste alike. Just give us—in other words—some really good food, cooked with imagination and care. I know you have rationing difficulties, but if Ireland and France have overcome them, why can't you ?

Another thing—where can one dine on Sunday ? One doesn't always want to go to a hotel. In New York or Paris there is a multitude of restaurants open on Sunday. In London, on a Sunday, the atmosphere is like a tomb. We Americans come abroad for fun. We like gaiety—and that is one reason we depart so quickly, as you complain, for the Continent. You Britishers are apt to be a little stern and severe, and that doesn't help to make us feel at home.

To mention just one instance—your restrictions about taking photographs in the cathedrals. To be asked to pay five shillings for the privilege of taking one photograph in Westminster Abbey is an outrage. And at the Cathedral of Wells I was publicly rebuked and humiliated by the stern verger for simply having my camera open. This couldn't happen in France, where they take themselves less seriously. Relax just a bit, Cousins. We have come a long way to see your historical monuments. Help us to enjoy them.

Then your plumbing——! Ye gods and little fishes ! Has it been changed since the Middle Ages ? But frankly, you might make a start. Of course, it would take a long time to rejuvenate it completely. But, to be perfectly honest, the American idea of English plumbing is of something that just doesn't work. What could be more annoying—I ask you ? And your heating ! We freeze in your private homes, and I fear YOU do, too. Can't something be done about it ?

But I 'm afraid I must be giving the impression that I had a miserable time in England, whereas, on the contrary, I loved your country, and found there kindness almost beyond belief. My criticisms are given only with the thought of making more Americans love England more, and so—may I continue ?

Your restrictions on your own people make us feel a little uncomfortable. We have a sense of fair play, and it 's not fun for us to think that WE can motor all we want in England, while you, on the contrary, have to conserve every ounce of petrol. We don't want to profit by your loss. We would prefer to share and share alike. We like to buy things at reasonable prices, but we would like to think that you could, too. When a salesgirl says to me : " I wish *I* could buy a sweater like that at the price you are paying, Madame," *I* wish she could, too. It can't make the English love the Americans more to feel that the Americans have favors they cannot have.

Frankly, we would buy much more if prices were " right." I feel, and other Americans do, too, that it would be greatly to your advantage to revise prices downward. Perhaps labor demands have forced prices up, just as they have in all countries. But remember that we have already spent a great deal to reach your shores ; that we have a limited amount of spending money ; that we have possible duty to pay on returning. There must be some advantage to us if we are to buy abroad.

Another thing—don't want our dollars too much. One becomes DOLLAR-conscious in England. We want you to welcome us because you want us and like us—not because you want our dollars.

We like novelty and the unusual. We are anxious to bring back memories that will illuminate our less artistic American lives. Therefore the theatrical experiments and imagination of someone like Peter Brook are an attraction to us, and could be further emphasized by you. Why not do more with theatrical lighting ?—as the French have done in the Louvre, for instance ; and as you did out-of-doors during the visit of President and Madame Auriol. Those things are what we will remember when we go home, and they are sights we will return to see, and which our friends will want to see also.

We love your pageantry and your affection for your Royal Family. Those things mean all the more to us because they are so lacking in our own lives.

Stress the charm of your countryside. Make it attractive and inviting at periods other than the spring ! Lure the unwary American off the beaten track. Entice him deeper and deeper into the heart of England and Scotland until he prefers what he finds there in beauty and friendship, good food and good cheer, to anything he will find on the Continent.

Government is a dangerous subject in any country, but if I may venture a word or two about it——? Socialism and its regimentation of human life do not seem compatible with a free world. We fought for a free world, not a world of Government agencies. The MIDDLE ROAD is the best for all of us. Instead of Socialism, why can't we all learn to be kinder and more considerate of each other ? Not " privileged classes " —but each class " privileged " to help the other. Then there would be no need for the restrictions and the annoying and unnecessary Government agencies of Socialism. Then there would be a better and braver new world, not called by any " ism."

It 's difficult for us to understand why—having the greatest living statesman and leader of these times—you haven't honored him enough to let him lead you to peacetime victories, as he did in war. Seen from afar—even seen from nearby—this would seem to be one of your gravest errors. His leadership of England would encourage America, Americans and American Dollars as nothing else could in these troubled times.

These impressions of just one American may add up to your general knowledge of us all. I hope to return one day to what is a happier country for every Englishman. When it is happier for you, we shall be happier there, too.

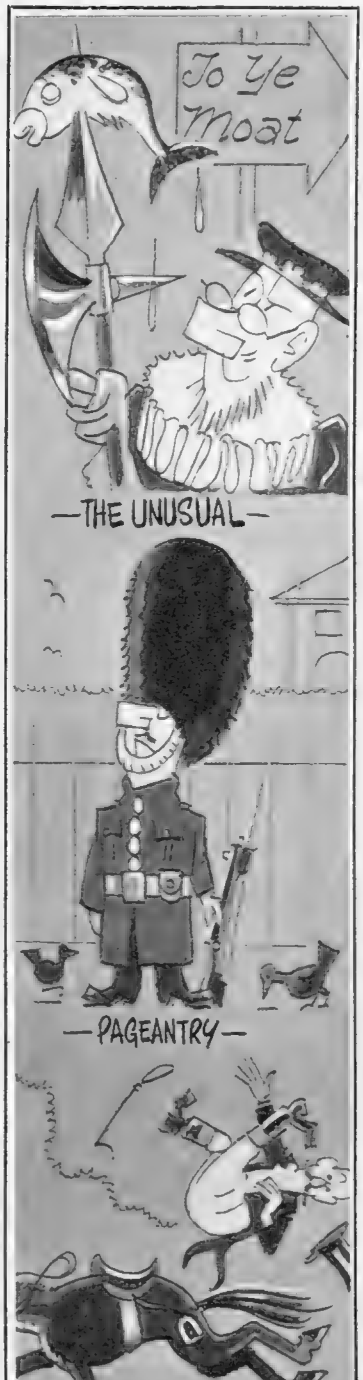
* * *

WELL, that is Mrs. Hall's case and I am sure you will agree that it has been stated with delicacy and fairness.

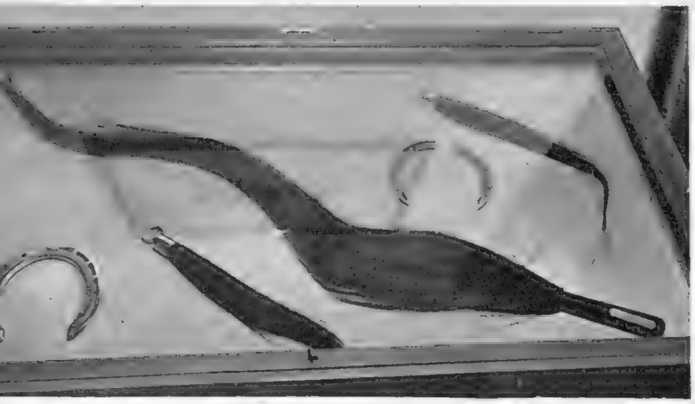
There is only one point on which I think she has ventured into *terra prohibita*. The Government chosen by the British people is of the British people. We are entitled to our own blunders ; so is any other country. We do not advise Americans on how they should vote, nor do we welcome advice on how to vote here from anyone.

But how right she is about our coffee !

Beverley Baxter



The main entrance of Luton Hoo, Sir Harold Wernher's fine country house, which stands in vast parklands in Bedfordshire. The exterior remains as it was built by Robert Adam in 1762 for the Earl of Bute ; the interior was modernised in 1903.



Whisks and shoes are among the relics of *Brown Jack*, Sir Harold's memorable racehorse, and occupy a room to themselves at Luton Hoo. His portrait is seen below.

TREASURES OF LUTON HOO

LUTON HOO, home of Major-General Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, contains one of the finest private collections in Britain. The treasures on view come mainly from the collection of Sir Julius Wernher, Sir Harold's father. They include paintings by Hobbema, Titian, Memling, Cuyp, Franz Hals, Reynolds and Hoppner. There are, too, superb examples of Limoges enamels, valuable ivories majolica, silver and bronzes on view, besides French and English furniture Beauvais and Gobelin tapestries, Renaissance jewels, and Faberge gems. Sir Harold opened his house to the public last week, and until the autumn eleven galleries will be open on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. A most attractive restaurant room, specially decorated for visitors by Mary Adshead, wife of Stephen Bone, is in use.

Sir Alfred Munnings, P.P.R.A., painted this portrait of *Brown Jack*, winner of the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot six years in succession—1929 to 1934. Four of his trophies are also shown.

Here are early and very fine pieces of Old Chelsea porcelain of the red and gold anchor years—the finest period of the Chelsea factory, 1750-58. They are part of the Ludlow collection, which fills three galleries at Luton Hoo.

The table in the dining-room is set out as for a meal of the past, with a George III. silver-gilt dessert service, and silver-gilt candlesticks of 1753. The glass comes from the collection of the Grand Duchess Pavlovitch. Beauvais tapestries adorn the walls.

Major-General Sir Harold and Lady Wernher were photographed with their retriever *Fern* in the hall at Luton Hoo. Lady Zia Wernher is the elder daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the late Countess de Torby. Lady Zia was raised to the title and precedence of an earl's daughter in 1917. Both of them hunt and own racehorses.

Candid Cameo

BRUCE INGRAM

(Fifty Years Editor-in-Chief of "The Illustrated London News")

By Ivor Brown

CAPTAIN BRUCE INGRAM is the Senior Editor in London. He has been in command of *The Illustrated London News* for fifty years and was also for many years in charge of *The Sketch* as well. There is nobody who knows more about mixing good print with good pictures than he does.

He does not look like a Senior Editor. He does much of his work in the centre of a large, busy room, surrounded by staff and all the bustle of a big office. He is the centre-forward of a working team, not the remote, non-playing Manager.

You would guess him to be a countryman—and so, in the Chilterns, he very much likes to be. You would imagine him exhibiting with pride at an Agricultural or Flower Show and richly enjoying the parade and rivalries of rural life. He has always delighted in the company and friendship of animals and birds, and they easily make friends with him. It is not merely that he has a devoted and beloved Cairn, with the appropriate name of Buff, at his heels: his retinue—or, rather, his "camaraderie"—includes donkeys, pigeons, and goldfish.

But there is work to be done, and he has spent more time on working out the intricate processes of pictorial journalism, the costings and the timings, as well as the lay-out and the technique of pictorial reproduction, than ever he gave to his garden or his animal companions in the Chilterns.

You would guess again that he had seen war as well as recorded it. And you would be right. He was an officer of the R.G.A. in 1915 and won the M.C. and the Military O.B.E. He had been in the East Kent Yeomanry before that.

Every picture tells a story—and so does every picture-paper. *The Illustrated London News* was born after Queen Victoria had been reigning five years. It settled down with sixteen pages for sixpence, to show the age "its form and pressure," as Hamlet told the actors to do. Bruce Ingram came to his Chair just before the death of the same Queen. The paper had grown up enormously in size and esteem. It had 32 pages and was still sold for sixpence, as it was until 1917.

Among the young editor's earliest challenges was that of meeting the sad occasion of the Queen's death. This happened on January 22, 1901. The "I.L.N." had to go to press on the 23rd: thanks to a masterpiece of speedy arrangements and all-night drive, it did so go to press—with 32 pages on the life and death of her Majesty. To the layman, who takes his papers for granted, as though collecting, arranging and checking the contents were just a button-pressing job, that may not sound so impressive. But the professionals will know what it meant. A young man of real capacity had triumphantly tackled the prickliest of jobs.

Before the Kaiser's war Bruce Ingram had introduced Rotary Photogravure, which enormously improved the clarity and vividness of presentation in illustrated journalism. The technical problems involved were most intricate, but they were mastered and the readers still got the better service for the same price.

The "I.L.N." stresses, in its title, both news and pictures. It has had brilliant war correspondents and their companion artists. I remember as a boy being fascinated by the work of Melton Prior and Caton Woodville, and others whom Bruce Ingram chose. But its strength for me has been its brilliant simplifications of scientific and mechanical inventions.

Its archæology for Everyman has been a great feature. While a boy at Winchester, Bruce Ingram managed to get away to Egypt for a term with his father. That leisure was well invested. With his brother he fell into an ancient tomb, saw its wonders, and had great trouble in getting out. He really never did get out, for he has been in love with antiquity and its works ever since. One result was a Tutankhamen "scoop."

In the arts, too, he has been deeply interested, especially the art of the sea. His collection of marine paintings is well known, and many of his paintings are on loan to the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. He is also Honorary Keeper of Drawings for the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. He has never bought extravagantly or by advice: always by his own judgment. His collection of Van de Veldes is a particular pride.

At the same time, opinion—civilised, urbane opinion, at once profound and entertaining, has always been very much in the Editor's mind. In Bruce Ingram's time "Our Note Book" was first written by L. F. Austin: when the vacancy came, he chose the young man of the day, G. K. Chesterton, whose verbal fireworks and showers of epigram and paradox were delighting the reader who could "take" him.

That was not everybody. Chesterton was then a Radical Little Englander: he was always intensely critical of the Strong Hand and Heavy Mass politics, whether it was of Big Business or the Socialist State. Later on he became, in a Protestant country, a fervid Catholic. As he pirouetted in argument, he was likely to tread on a number of toes—and he was a very large man. But the policy of the Editor was to give his choice a broad line of country and then to leave him alone. G.K.C. kept to his territory, which was wide enough even for him, and kept to his job. He delivered the "Note Book" for thirty-one years without a break, right up to his death. Now a different type, the Conservative historian Arthur Bryant, shows every week that a man can carry his learning lightly: his profound knowledge of the English saga is leavened by his deep affection for all English things, including our sports, amusements and our sense of humour.

Bruce Ingram can look back on fifty years of editing with the knowledge that his work has made friends all over the globe. But he himself has no interest in limelight. He is the most invisible of his kind. Shyness and modesty in public have been the companions of his drive and energy in private. This senior editor's job has been to tell the world about itself, in prose and pictures: telling it about himself has never entered his mind.

That mind, incidentally, is marvellously departmentalised. As Editor of the "I.L.N." he would arrange a scientific or archæological feature, then turn to *The Sketch*, of which he was Editor for over forty years, and assess a short story (he discovered Michael Arlen), select photographs of social occasions, pictures of pets, animal or human, and perhaps a name ("Bonzo" for Studdy's dog was one of his). Then back to matters of scholarship. He had them all in sections.

So there he sits before what appears to be a chaotic desk but in complete order to himself alone. He knows where everything is in a seeming jig-saw of papers, books, pictures and odds and ends. His private office is a repository of all and sundry, known as the Magpie's Nest by his friends and colleagues, but every valuable there bestowed in seeming confusion is perfectly mapped in his mind's eye. He is the tidiest of untidy men.

"The Chef," says Bruce Ingram, "does not go out with his gun to shoot the pheasant. He does not gather the strawberries and pick the peas, but he knows where the best are to be found and he can combine the materials he has sent for into a perfect meal. That is the function of the editor."

★

Who . . . Me?

"THUS play I in one person many people . . ."—farmer, footballer, animal-lover, printer, art collector, "invisible man," magpie, and schizophrenic. In addition, I live in an ancient tomb—presumably to keep out of the limelight.

Well, an Editor has to be a man of many interests, but Ivor Brown's list must give the reader a very odd idea of myself . . . it even frightens me! Of course the truth is that my interests are shared by many thousands of people—normal people—and during my first fifty years of editorship I have shared my enthusiasms with them in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*

Buff will be flattered to see his name in print, but he, too, may object that the picture given is false. He does not trot meekly at my heels—I trot meekly at his.

Bruce Ingram

THE MAN BEHIND "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"—AND THE HUNDRED VOLUMES HE HAS EDITED

FOR VANESSA LEE, SOPRANO

. . . Ivor Novello specially wrote the part of Princess Cristiane in *King's Rhapsody* at the Palace. Three years ago Ruby Moule—as she then was—understudying the leading lady in the London Casino's revival of *The Dancing Years*, had to play the part when the lead lost her voice in that terrible winter. Novello chanced in at a matinée, saw Ruby, and engaged her as his leading lady to tour South Africa. Her name was changed to Vanessa Lee and her success was immediate.

Photographed by ANGUS McBEAN.

DATE-BOOK

(Our Social Diary)

APRIL 19-21.

1950 pre-Olympics three-day test at Badminton. Large, well-informed crowds swelled to 15,000 on second day. Advance in standard of dressage quite remarkable, included severe two-mile steeplechase over rough country, with eleven jumps. Left, the Duke of Beaufort, vice-patron of British Horse Society, with Lady Avice Spicer. Right, newly-engaged Lord Westmorland and Miss Jane Findlay, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. L. Findlay, of Naseby Woolleys, Rugby.

AT THE THREE-DAY *DRESSAGE* TEST AT BADMINTON.

APRIL 20.

Married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens: Major the Hon. Michael Fitzalan-Howard, The Scots Guards, son of Lord Howard of Glossop and of Baroness Beaumont, of 23, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1, and Miss Jane Meade Newman, daughter of Capt. P. W. Meade Newman. Little attendants: Rosalinde and Elizabeth Buxton, Belinda Loftus and Sarah McGillicuddy; older bridesmaids: Lady Sara Hely-Hutchinson, the Hon. Miriam and the Hon. Mirabel Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Imogen Micklethwait. Best man: Major the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard. Lively reception was held at 40, Belgrave Square. Look right for Mr. Timothy Beaumont and bridesmaid Lady Sara Hely-Hutchinson.

FITZALAN-HOWARD—MEADE NEWMAN WEDDING.

APRIL 20.

History was made to-day at Stratford-upon-Avon when, for the first time on record since Shakespeare's birthday, a reigning Sovereign visited the famous Warwickshire town. Their Majesties and Princess Margaret were met at the station by the Lord Lieutenant of the county, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and the Mayor; were greeted by great crowds in the gaily-decorated streets as they drove to the Town Hall and on to the Bard's half-timbered birthplace in Henley Street. The Royal party saw much of other historic interest in the town. The afternoon was devoted to the Memorial Theatre, where they visited Anthony Quayle (the Henry VIII.) in his dressing-room. Later, seated in a specially erected Royal box, they watched a performance of Henry VIII. Their backstage tour of the theatre included a visit to the room where a rehearsal of Julius Cæsar was in progress and where this charmingly informal picture was taken.

THEIR MAJESTIES AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-

NATIONAL TELEVISION BALL.

WEST KENT HUNT POINT-TO-POINT.

APRIL 20.

(Left.) At the National Television Fund Ball at the Dorchester, Lady Cunliffe-Owen, seen with her husband, Sir Dudley, sported new, becoming flower hair-do—a complete spray of orchids flowing down past her ear

APRIL 22.

(Right.) Mrs. L. A. Coville unsaddled Billy D after winning Adjacent Hunts Ladies' 'Chase at West Kent Hunt point-to-point. In crowd is Mr. Churchill's daughter, Mrs. Soames, bearing lissom poodle strongly resembling her father's Rufus.

AT THE SAVOY : CHRISTIAN DIOR'S COLLECTION.

APRIL 25.

Christian Dior, of Paris drew Society fashion, wealth exuberance to the Savoy with his wonderful Spring collection. The parade was held to raise funds for a Museum of Costume, to encourage design and craftsmanship. Prime mover, Mrs. Langley Moore, who has big collection of dresses and accessories, wants to set up permanent exhibition of fashion. Its finances will be run by non-profit-making company, and the Arts Council has given a grant. Dior's designs drew applause from over 1000 viewers; his models a miracle of glamour with exquisite precision of movement. He prefers this year pearls to diamonds; sponsors cartwheel hats. In the crowds around the dais you will find Mrs. Church- with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Randolph; Lord and Lady Harewood, clearly visible in the panoram. Below (left) is the famous couturier in person.

DIOR AND TWO MODELS.

CURZON — FERGUSSON WEDDING.

APRIL 25.

(Left.) Here is Dior himself back-stage of his Savoy parade, caught in an off-guard moment giving instructions to two of his models. Creation on left—said to be the most expensive in his collection—is Mozart, in champagne tulle, diamanté-embroidered.

APRIL 25.

Married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street—Mr. George Curzon, son of the late the Hon. Frederick Curzon and the late Mrs. Herbert Sleath Skelton (Miss Ellis Jeffreys), and Miss Jane V. Fergusson (Jane Fergus), daughter of the late Mr. Malcolm M. Fergusson, of Toronto, and of Mrs. W. J. Thompson, of Brackenbury House Farm, South Harefield.

BOOK

APRIL 26.

(Left.) At St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Mr. David C. G. Jessel, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Jessel, of 7, Clarendon Place, W.2, married Miss Amelia G. FitzRoy, daughter of Capt. the Hon. R. O. FitzRoy, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. FitzRoy, of Stoke Dry House, Uppingham.

APRIL 26.

(Right.) Newmarket: the 2000 Guineas. Prince Aly Khan, in wheel-chair, watched his father's horse, Palestine, C. Smirke up, led in after winning the race.

JESSEL — FITZROY WEDDING.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

APRIL 27.

The Royal Academy Banquet at Burlington House, revived last year owing to determined efforts of Mr. Churchill and the then P.R.A., Sir Alfred Munnings, this year lacked the excitement of the 1949 event. The speeches were quiet, non-controversial, and the surrounding paintings hung in staid, matter-of-fact ranks, as can be seen in this bird's-eye view of P.P.R.A.s, R.A.s and others. However, the excellent menu—choice of the new President, Sir Gerald Kelly—put new heart into the epicurean inner man; it consisted of lobster patty, cold roast beef, Stilton cheese, washed down by vintage wines of France, preceded—a pleasant innovation—by a champagne buffet. When this picture was taken the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, was speaking, and around the board may be recognised well-known faces relaxed after recherché meal to listen to the speeches.

ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

APRIL 29.

(Left.) In crinoline gown, Miss Audrey M. Morgan-Grenville, daughter of Col. the Hon. Thomas Morgan-Grenville and Mrs. Morgan-Grenville, of Wootton House, Wootton, married Lieut. the Hon. E. Ironside, R.N., son of Field Marshal Lord Ironside and Lady Ironside, of Hingham, Norfolk, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. Reception at the Dorchester.

APRIL 29.

(Right.) Here the Queen is signing the Visitors' Book during her tour with the King of the Festival of Britain site on the South Bank of the Thames. Seen in the background is the Festival's Director-General, Mr. Gerald Barry.

IRONSIDE — MORGAN-GRENVILLE WEDDING.

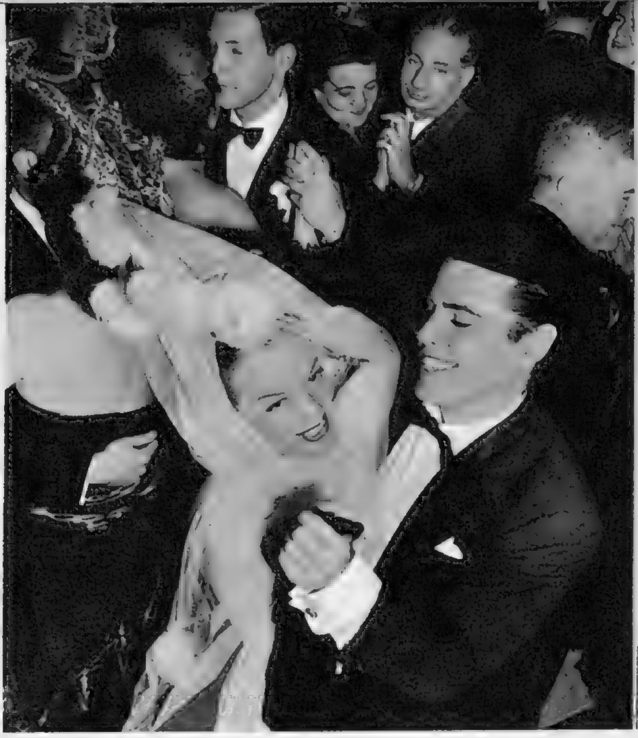
ROYAL TOUR, FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN SITE.

[Continued overleaf

DATE - BOOK

(Abroad)

BALLERINA IN MILAN.



CHARITY BALL IN NEW YORK.

APRIL 20.

(*Left.*) **Milan.** *Ballerina Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann, Pamela May, enjoy huge success as guest artists at the Scala. Italy calls Margot "first ballerina of the world," and here she is, in the British Institute, with Vittorio de Sica, one of Italy's best film producers. He won a Hollywood Oscar with* Bicycle Thieves.

APRIL 23.

(*Right.*) **New York.** *Co-opted from to-day's mail for its amusing angle, this snap of Faye Emerson, actress and former wife of Colonel Elliot Roosevelt, dancing with Peter Brandon at the Bal des Chapeaux at New York's fashionable Waldorf-Astoria.*

HARVEY — CURTOPASSI WEDDING.

APRIL 25.

Rome. *At the Church of San Giovanni a Porta Latina, Mr. John Harvey, second son of Sir Oliver Harvey, Britain's Ambassador to France, and Lady Harvey, was married to Nobile Signorina Elena Curtopassi, daughter of the Marchesa Curtopassi. The bride was given away by her brother, the Marchese Giuseppe Curtopassi; and the best man was Mr. Peter Harvey. Among the guests at the reception in the cloister and garden of the Rosminian College was Britain's Ambassador to Italy, Sir Victor Mallet. Pictures: (left) the bride and bridegroom; and (right) at the reception, l. to r., Mr. and Mrs. James C. Dunn, the Marchesa Curtopassi, the bride's mother, and Lady Harvey, mother of the groom.*

HUXLEY — HOVDE WEDDING.

APRIL 27.

New York. *Back across the Atlantic again for a most interesting wedding—that of the only son of author Mr. Aldous Huxley (*Brave New World*) and of Mrs. Huxley, to Miss Ellen Hovde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bryn Hovde. The reception was held in the academic precincts of New School of Social Research, of which the bride's father is Director, and in this group (l. to r.) are Mr. and Mrs. Bryn J. Hovde, the bride and bridegroom, and Mr. and Mrs. Aldous Huxley.*

MA AUNG SAW MYAING II. ;
by Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A.

NOT YET A DUMPING-GROUND FOR TINS AND RUBBISH ;
by Sir Alfred Munnings, P.P.R.A.

PAINTINGS FROM THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY

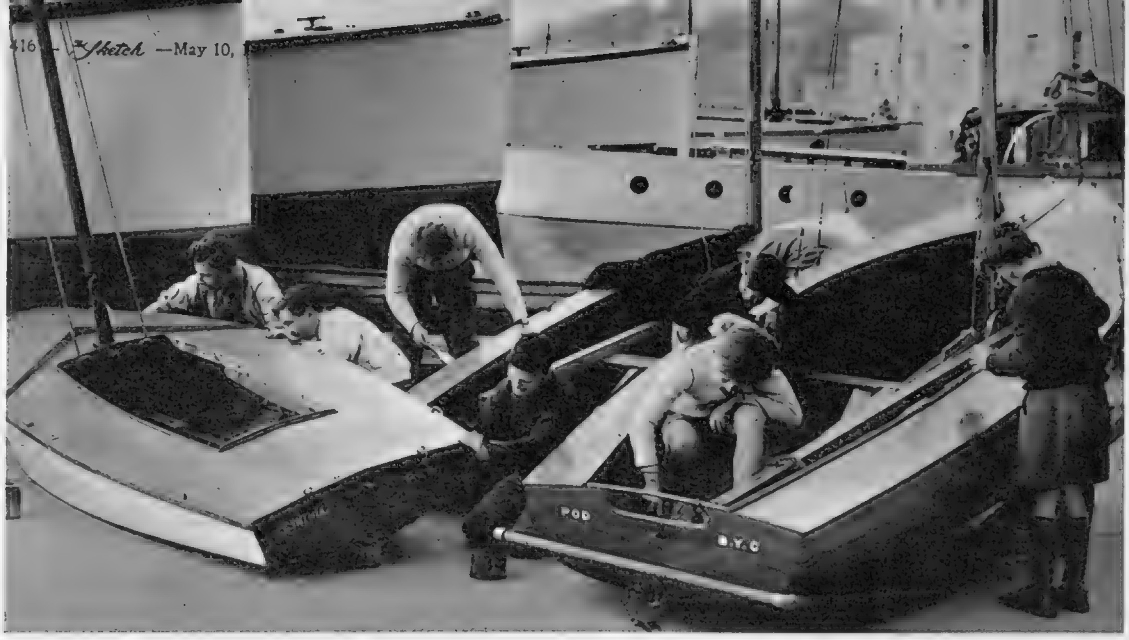
IN our centre double-page will be found other pictures from this year's traditional Royal Academy, garnished and surrounded by drawings of personalities made at the Private View. Here, together with a characteristic portrait by the President, Sir Gerald Kelly, and a landscape by our one Royal Academician Extraordinary, we present a painting by Sir Alfred Munnings which is quite at variance with his usual sleekly-groomed horses, and triumphant in its proclamation that the authorities haven't touched the spot yet. It 's in London ! Then, the subject chosen by Mr. Stanley Spencer—a charmingly prim garden path—should be compared with the panel on our centre pages—one of the four huge panels of *The Resurrection*, which not only occupies the greater part of the Lecture Room, but preoccupies the mind with its involved and writhing figures.

Copyright reserved for the artists of paintings by Sir Alfred Munnings and Mr. Winston Churchill, and for the other two paintings by "The Royal Academy Illustrated."

GARDEN PATH, COOKHAM RISE
by Stanley Spencer, R.A.-Elect.

MONTAGNE DE STE-VICTOIRE ; by Winston S. Churchill, P.C., O.M., C.H., M.P., Hon. R.A. Extraordinary.

Roger Goodwin, member of the Royal Solent Y.C., Yarmouth, I.O.W., at work aloft on the 9-ton sloop *Harvest Moon.*



Juvenile members of the Torquay Corinthian Y.C. get their Redwings ready for the start of their spring cruise. Left to right: R. J. Wollen, Ian Nicolle, Bruce Halford, L. Hudson, John Turner (owner), D. Hudson, Martin Barry (owner), and Christopher Hunt.

Accent on Youth

SAILING

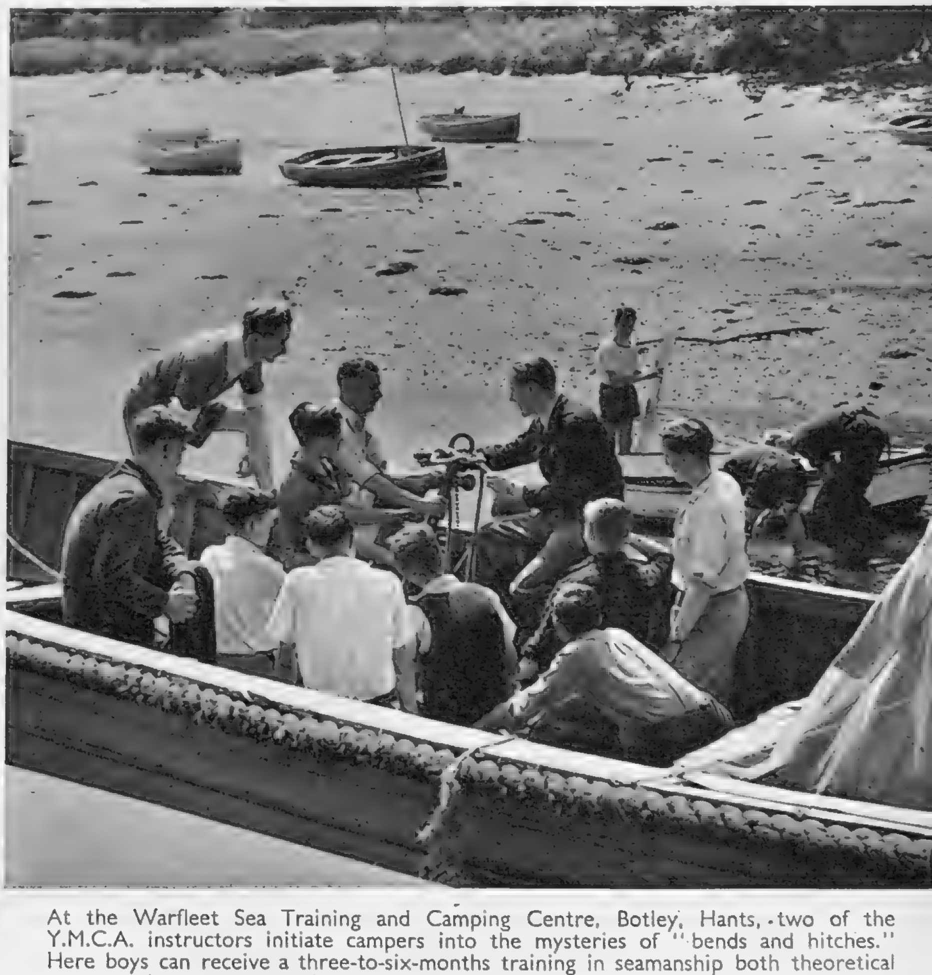
THERE is a remarkable surge of youthful interest in small boats and the sailing of them. Secretaries and members of most sailing clubs have not only spotted this swing of the pendulum, but they are doing everything they can to instruct and encourage this splendid medium for character-building. The exotic days of the racing J's in all their expensive glory may be temporarily in abeyance, but there 's a lot of very healthy enthusiasm at the other end of the scale.

Here are young enthusiasts fitting out their craft to start the season. In our next issue we shall present some more young would-be seamen, and because we add our wholehearted encouragement to the movement, during the season we hope to give a selection of sailing clubs, and races, with the Accent on Youth.

Cadets of the Itchenor Sailing Club, near Chichester, Sussex, receiving instruction in rigging, seamanship, and so on from Mr. Stewart H. Morris. From left to right, they are: David Curtis-Bennett, Anthony Pollock, Diana Farrant and Adam Pollock.

At the Royal Southern Yacht Club, Hamble, cadets Christine Fulljames (left) and Joan Mathers, rigging and checking the gear of Club dinghy (No. 24, Hamble River Star) for her first sea trials.

Jack Fisher, of the Royal Channel Islands Yacht Club, Jersey, is painting his father's boat. The R.C.I.Y.C. divide their youngsters up ship's company fashion, and he is Cadet Officer in charge of the Port Watch.



At the Warfleet Sea Training and Camping Centre, Botley, Hants, two of the Y.M.C.A. instructors initiate campers into the mysteries of "bends and hitches." Here boys can receive a three-to-six-months training in seamanship both theoretical and practical under a special scheme.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY PRIVATE VIEW 1950

Underlined by Francis Marshall

CONVERSATION-PIECE AT THE ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR GREAT PARK ; by James Gunn.

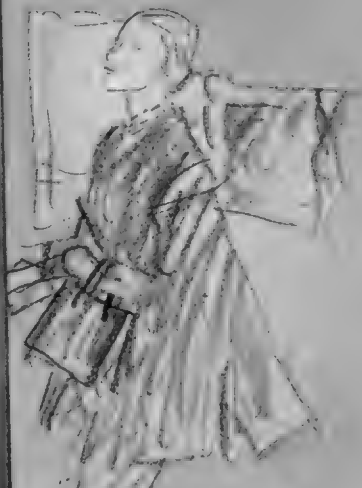
Looking at Spencer's Resurrection.

Miss Bapsy Pavry and Dr. Jal Pavry.

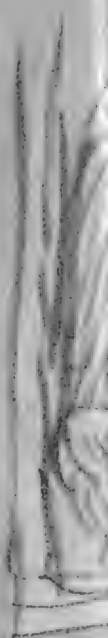
THE

Putting red stars on sold pictures.

THE DANCER ; by A. Egerton Cooper.



Dior's mannequin, Jane Burns.



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An usher at the entrance.

Lord Maugham.

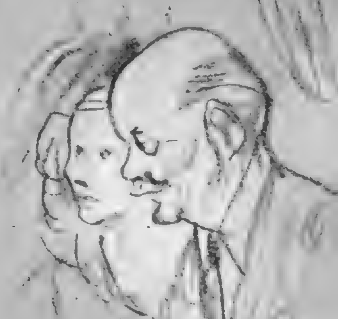
FLOWER-PIECE ; by Lionel Ellis.

REVEREND RICHARD DOWNEY, D.D., Ph.D., LL.D.,
HBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL ; by Stanley Reed.

Lady Rothermere: Lord Chatfield chatting to Sir Gerald Kelly, with John's Little Concert in the background.

Stanley Grimm near the portrait of Stanley Grimm, by Henry Carr.

THE RESURRECTION : WAKING UP ; by Stanley Spencer, R.A.-Elect.



se by James Gunn, A. Egerton Cooper and Stanley Spencer, R.A.-Elect.

J. C. Trewin at the Theatre

THE GREEN BAY TREE

(The Playhouse)

I REMEMBER with a queer clarity a spring night at the St. Martin's Theatre in 1933. Frank Vosper as Mr. Dulcimer, ruthless hedonist, crossed the stage with a resolute but silken tread, a great cat, soft and silvery, purring about the elegant Mayfair room. Catherine Lacey, as the girl "vet" who became Dulcimer's implacable enemy, was like a sudden cool breeze in a hothouse. Up in Camden town Herbert Lomas, as the Welsh dairyman and reformed drunkard whose son Dulcimer had "bought" long ago, thundered like the Isaiah of his nickname. It was an evening of fine performances. I have never forgotten the sinister-sardonic atmosphere of the last few minutes, the scene in which the youth Julian becomes, as it were, the dead Dulcimer, when the death-mask gleams, smiling, from the wall.

In the present revival at the Playhouse—a revival unexpected but none the less welcome—I was not so conscious of the death-mask, not so conscious of the play's darker implications. Mordaunt Shairp's piece—from which, I think, a few lines have been cut—resolves itself into a straight duel between a wealthy possessive materialist and a courageous, hostile girl. I did not think in 1933 that Julian, the object of the struggle, was worth so much attention, and he comes out no better in the revival, though it is hardly the fault of a likeable young actor, Jack Watling. Hugh Williams, who in 1933 played the cunningly-trained youth bred to luxury, is now the Dulcimer, pupil changed to master. It is always a poised, incisive, commanding performance. Brenda Bruce, the snowflake of the surgery, opposes him with a cool decision, and Walter Fitzgerald is too sound an actor not to impress us with the firm purpose of the Welsh dairyman, the boy's father who shoots Dulcimer (so unpersuasively) at the last—the only implausible passage in the evening.

Probably it is wrong to keep 1933 so sharply in the foreground of 1950. This is, on its own lines, a good revival of an uncommonly good play. From 1933 we have still with us the fifth member of the cast, Henry Hewitt, as Trump, the combination of polite lynx and dutiful panther in the habit of Dulcimer's manservant or major-domo. Trump was always Mr. Hewitt's best part. Mordaunt Shairp's dialogue is as clear, witty and stylish as it was seventeen years ago. Here is a piece that as yet shows no suspicion of fraying: in its fashion a minor modern classic.

OLD STAGERS

CASTLE IN THE AIR (Adelphi).
Alan Melville has Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne to shoot the arrows of an ingenious light comedy.

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (Aldwych).
Vivien Leigh presents to us the last stage of an unhappy creature's decline in a New Orleans slum.

TREASURE HUNT (Apollo).
Dame Sybil Thorndike beams from a sedan-chair upon an Irish romp.

LATIN QUARTER 1950 (Casino).
Glossy, spectacular revue, with Vic Oliver.

TRAVELLER'S JOY (Criterion).
Yvonne Arnaud, grappling with the currency regulations, is as endearing as she was two years ago.

OKLAHOMA ! (Drury Lane).
After three years it is still a Beautiful Mornin' in one of the most famous musical plays of our time.

MR. GILLIE (Garrick).
James Bridie (author) and Alastair Sim (actor) in partnership again.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade, taken from the French by Christopher Fry and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

THE HEIRESS (Haymarket).
Godfrey Tearle and Wendy Hiller in the moving period-piece based on Henry James's "Washington Square."

BRIGADOON (His Majesty's).
Here is the Scots village that comes to life on only one day in a century.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM (Lyric).
Another year's run. John Clements and Kay Hammond stroke along Farquhar's late Restoration comedy.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello is the King, and Vanessa Lee his beautiful Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

THE WAY THINGS GO (Phoenix).
The Lonsdale way is gilded with epigrams (burnished by Ronald Squire), while Glynis Johns and Michael Gough take care of the plot.

HARVEY (Piccadilly).
Leslie Henson and friend, the invisible white rabbit, adorn Mary Chase's farcical fantasy.

VENUS OBSERVED (St. James's).
A dance of words with which Sir Laurence Olivier has opened his St. James's season, and Christopher Fry has increased his fame.

YOUNG WIVES' TALE (Savoy).
Ronald Jeans shows what staff difficulties can be in St. John's Wood.

QUEEN ELIZABETH SLEPT HERE (Strand).
Slapstick farce in a cottage, with Rosalyn Boulter and Jimmy Hanley.

WORM'S EYE VIEW (Whitehall).
The Whitehall phenomenon. R. F. Delderfield's joke about billeted airmen was produced on December 3, 1945, and still runs cheerfully.

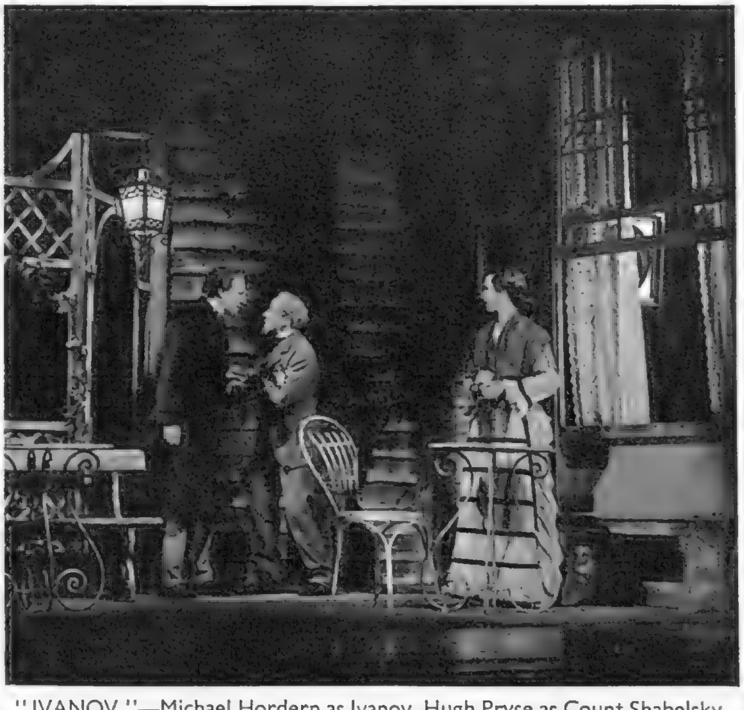
HOME AT SEVEN (Wyndham's).
Sir Ralph Richardson is superb as the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances who is at the centre of Sherriff's dexterous play.

PRESENT STAGE

"IVANOV" During the year 1887 a young dramatist, still a novice, sat writing in "a dark little study in a Moscow suburb." He was Anton Tchehov, and he was at work on *Ivanov*, the first and—in Britain—the least-known of his full-length plays. The Stage Society did it for two performances a quarter of a century ago. Collectors who missed it then, assembled in force at the Arts Theatre Club revival, and they had a remarkable evening. True, there was nothing like the scene at the first production in Moscow, after which Tchehov wrote to his brother of "yelling, clapping and hissing. . . Two men were ejected by the police. Our sister nearly fainted ; Dyukovsky had an attack of heart palpitation and ran away, and Kissielovsky suddenly seized his head and very sincerely exclaimed : 'What shall I do now ?'"

Ivanov, produced by John Fernald in a translation by J. P. Davis, fails to be a major Tchehov principally because the leading character—Ivanov himself—is over-written. Michael Hordern sustains superbly his thousands of words as a weary, guilt-stricken egoist ; but Tchehov is happier when he is sketching that snippet of a Count—the little candle-end of a man who is now embodied neatly by Hugh Pryse—or the chattering widow who has Helena Pickard to point the chatter, or the oaf of an agent and the kindly sot, played respectively by Richard Warner and Frederick Leister. Helen Shingler gives a most poignant study of Ivanov's dying wife, a figure we are sorry indeed to lose at the end of the third act. The whole strange compound, set deep in the Russia of a vanished age, has so much quality that it will be surprising if it is neglected again. The only serious trouble is Ivanov : the part badly needs the clippers ; and Michael Hordern brings off a miracle in managing to fix our attention as he does.

"CRY LIBERTY" What in the world can have happened to Esther McCracken ? The dramatist of *Cry Liberty*, at the Vaudeville, is surely not the writer who moved so gaily about the domestic scene in *Quiet Wedding*. Here she is angry about bureaucracy—aren't we all ?—and she has tried to express her anger in a rural comedy. But it comes out as faint, pitter-patter playwriting ; its characters, ably acted as they are, never become more than the dummies of the theatrical stock-cupboard, and nobody can care very much whether the mushroom-shed for the smallholding is erected or not. (The play is all about this shed and its licence, and the theme is really not enough to excite us for two hours and a half). I passed the evening in admiration of the technique of Edwin Styles, a comedian who can coax the best from any line, however feeble ; in watching for the comedienne's gleam in Joyce Barbour's eye ; and in observing that Julia Braddock is a young actress for whom somebody ought to discover a reasonable part. (She had one in *Hindle Wakes*.) Irene Handl gives her familiar bob-cherry performance as a "help." Although she repeats her effects—that uncontrollable spluttering laugh, for example—she is so good-humoured about them and they are so amusing in a breathless, bouncy way, that we can only sit back uncomplaining. At least—let it be understood—we do not complain about the actress. J. C. T.



"IVANOV."—Michael Hordern as Ivanov, Hugh Pryse as Count Shabelsky, his uncle, and Helen Shingler as Anna Petrovna, his wife, in a scene from the Arts Theatre Club production of a little-known Tchehov play.

NEXT STAGE

"Touch and Go," *due at the Prince of Wales's on May 19, is a U.S.A. importation, a revue which has had a very successful year on Broadway. The London version will have an Anglo-American cast with American stars Kay Ballard, Helen Gallagher, Jonathan Lucas, David Lober and five dancers called the Debonairs. The English contribution includes Carole Lynne, Desmond Walter-Ellis and Bill Fraser.*

"If This Be Error," *after its opening last Monday at the Bath Festival, is coming to the Lyric, Hammersmith, on May 24 for five weeks. Mary Ellis plays the part of a woman who, having been acquitted of the murder of her first husband, subsequently marries a seaside doctor, played by Clive Morton. When the story of her past leaks out, she is faced with the decision of having either to leave her husband or risk ruining his career.*

"The Winter's Tale" *opens the 1950 Shakespeare season at Regent's Park Open Air Theatre on May 25. Director Robert Atkins will be seen as Autolycus, Ruth Lodge as Hermione, Aubrey Woods as Florizel, and Judith Stott as Perdita. It is five years since this play has been seen in the open air.*

"His Excellency," *at Edinburgh next week and due in the West End—theatre permitting—soon afterwards, has Eric Portman in the lead. He portrays a man who has risen, via the T.U.C., from dockyard labourer to become Governor of a fictitious Mediterranean island called Salva. The play deals chiefly with the conflict of ideas and personality between this self-made Yorkshireman and the island's permanent officials. The authors are Dorothy and Campbell Christie. Others in the cast include Annabel Maule, Linda Gray, Sebastian Shaw, Ian Fleming and Arnold Bell. Charles Hickman produces.*

"The Hat Trick," *a new present-day comedy by Thomas Browne in which Gladys Cooper is making a welcome return to the British stage. She takes the part of a woman who, in her day, has played cricket for England in women's Test matches and who now applies her knowledge of games strategy to the problems of her domestic life. The setting is a house in St. John's Wood, near Lord's. Basil Sidney is the husband, Joy Parker the daughter, and Peter Reynolds the son. Direction by Roy Rich, décor by Anthony Holland. At present on tour, the play is due at the Duke of York's on May 25.*

"The Ivory Tower" *made its first appearance at the "Q" last year. With some changes of cast it is now on tour prior to a West End début this summer. In this post-war political drama set in a mid-European country Francis Lister plays the part of a Foreign Minister ; Michael Shepley is his Communist opponent, and Hugh MacDermott holds a watching brief as an American newspaper correspondent.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

OCTOGENARIAN POSTMAN "WIGGY" BENNETT, for walking a ten-mile round every day.

PROBABLY the oldest postman in the British Isles is eighty-two-years-" young " Mr. T. " Wiggy " Bennett. In all weathers the inhabitants of Brockley, Gloucestershire, may see him on his ten-mile daily round. He estimates he's delivered 6,000,000 letters since he became a postman in Queen Victoria's reign.

JANE HUGHES, for painting her way to early fame.

YOUNGEST artist showing at this year's " Children's Royal Academy "—the Royal Drawing Society's 55th exhibition of children's drawings, held at the Guildhall Art Gallery—is three-year-old Jane Hughes, seen above at work on a new painting, watched by her mother, artist Margaret Littleton, who herself won many awards at the Society's exhibitions when she was a girl.

LORDS SEMPILL AND TEVIOT, for giving their Peers a surprise for tea.

WHILE the Lords discuss the post-war loaf and urge the introduction of whiter, longer-keeping bread, Lord Teviot, the baker-peer (seen on the right with Mrs. Martha Oxley, his cook), gets down to the job of baking his own loaves. Another baker-peer, Lord Sempill (left), who lives in an ancient Scottish castle, brought samples of his own home-baked bread to the House, where they were cut into sandwiches and passed round for the Lords to sample.

MAXINE ASLANOFF, for a collection of medals a Prima Ballerina would be proud to own.

RECENTLY little ballet dancer Maxine Aslanoff, ten-year-old great-great-granddaughter of choreographer Marius Petipa, added her fiftieth medal to that impressive array across her chest.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

THE MACK TRIPLETS,

For the close harmony of their sophisticated lyrics, sung with a superb air of childish nonchalance.

TO the Palladium and now to the Colony and the Astor the Mack Triplets brought some of the neatest lyrics in an age of rather dull doggerel. They sing without a flicker of emotion or a hint of suggestiveness, gripping the audience with a look of infantile blandness. Eileen, Charlotte and LaVerne are sisters of varying ages and differing heights, cleverly disguised to uniformity with platform shoes of different thicknesses. Here is a specimen lyric from *It's So Nice* in their repertoire :

" Solomon had a thousand wives,
He was plenty tired all right,
Had to ride a big bicycle
To kiss all of them ' Good-night.' "

The Twelve-Pound Look, J. M. Barrie's little one-act masterpiece, introduced an innovation in the form of a story-teller who talked cosily to viewers during the play, using Barrie's witty and whimsical stage directions. Belle Chrystall took the part of Kate, Ivan Samson played her ex-husband Sir Harry Sims.

On Shakespeare's birthday George More O'Ferrall gave a fine production of *Othello*, with André Morell playing the Moor, and Joan Hopkins, Desdemona. This play, perhaps the most painfully exciting of Shakespeare's dramas, has murders, stranglings and stabbings in the dark, which had an explosive effect on the TV screen.

The F.A. Cup Final between Arsenal and Liverpool provided a full-scale clash between north and south. The TV version of the afternoon's battle at Wembley Stadium covered the "warming-up" process of the vast crowds, community singing, the presentation of the teams to the King, the play to the final whistle, and Arsenal captain Joe Mercer chaired by his team off the field.

"I don't want to rush you, old chap, but here comes your tram."

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

UP to the other day, the Cup Final had always been a matter of supreme unconcern of ours, and an event with which we had long made up our mind never to have anything to d Having been firmly brought up in the Rugger tradition, we could only view the intense public interest it arouses every year with pained surprise, and make an effort, on that day, to put as great a distance as possible between ourself and the West End of London. For the invasion by the rattle-armed, paper-hatted horde, uttering their terrifying war cries, was definitely not our cup of tea.

But having, with a stern sense of duty and a rather martyred expression, committed ourself to view the television broadcast of this year's match, we found our viewpoint executing a complete *volte face*. Before ten minutes had passed, we had become almost sick with excitement and were chain-smoking furiously. At the end of the superb match we had to admit that, once again, television had broadened our horizon. Also when, an hour or so later, we ran slap-bang into the aforementioned multi-coloured horde, we found that our attitude had become a little more sympathetic and rather less blimpish towards them.

We saw the match, not from the comfort of our own fireside, but from the comfort of a stall in the Odeon Cinema, Penge. It was the occasion Mr. Rank had chosen to demonstrate the achievement of one of his subsidiary companies, Cinema-Television, Ltd., which has been experimenting for a long time on large-screen television for use in cinemas. Let it be established straight away that the demonstration was brilliantly successful. The picture on the theatre screen, measuring 20 ft. by 15 ft., was as clear and bright as the dull weather conditions at Wembley permitted. If the definition was not quite as good as that on our own set—which is a particularly good one—it was certainly up to average standard.

What was also demonstrated was that television in cinemas is a form of entertainment beside which the newsreel pales into insignificance, and which, whatever obstacles it is at present facing, is bound to become universal in time.

Technically, those obstacles are few, and could be ironed out without much difficulty. The system known as "Instantaneous Projection" is centred round a small cathode-ray tube projecting an intensely bright picture on to a 27-in. mirror, of special

Ronnie Waldman, well known to Radio Puzzlers, has brought "Puzzle Corner," complete with his Deliberate Mistake, from radio to vision. *Kaleidoscope*, which he now produces, is an entertainment magazine for the whole family. Here he is in the producer's control gallery.

One of many amusing features in *Kaleidoscope* is "Mr. Pastry Gets a Job." The 'uncontrollable' Richard Hearne is Mr. Pastry, and this time the job seems to be to mix a gin cocktail for Sidney Keith, who looks on dubiously.

construction, which re-projects it through an 18-in. correcting lens on to the reflective screen. This optical system has a fixed focus and to vary it, for the particular size of each theatre, would increase the cost of the equipment beyond economic limits. So, taking all in all, the best position for the projection unit has been fixed at about 50 ft. from the screen, in the centre gangway of the stalls. This at once brings in the Home Office. The projector is a bulky object, and the Home Office, quite rightly, has an aversion to obstructed gangways. It also does not like to think of the public too near high voltages—and in this case there is a matter of 50,000 volts charging around. So, an area of several feet round the apparatus has to be cordoned off, with the consequent loss of saleable seating. But that can be dismissed as teething trouble. Nor would the cost of the equipment—at the moment around £10,000—stay at that figure, once mass production could be applied.

The most serious obstacle is centred around High Politics. At the moment the Postmaster-General is clinging tenaciously to his monopoly of the right to broadcast in this country. Commercial broadcasting, as far as he is concerned, is firmly out. Besides, this sort of thing—tut, tut!—smacks suspiciously of Private Enterprise, and that simply mustn't be. What matter if large-screen television does mark an enormous step forward in public entertainment? When political whimsicalities are involved, what the public would like takes a very secondary place.

But come it will, in time. And when it does, the effect will be phenomenal. Consider this Cup Final broadcast. We were an audience of roughly a thousand, composed of Members of Parliament, radio-technicians, potential foreign buyers, and journalists. A tough bunch indeed, mentally saying: "This had better be good—or else." Well, in only a matter of minutes the atmosphere in the cinema was just as tense and charged with excitement as in the stands at Wembley. Audible comments on the play went on all the time; as for Arsenal's two goals, they fairly brought the house down.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Bobby Howes: For brightening Variety's front. His half-hour's non-stop fooling in "Such Is Life" gives him the leading position among television's clowns.

IF this is a welcome future influence on society, television is also—but indirectly—the cause of another which is not. Recently, the house of a friend was burgled while the whole family was at home, all intent, with lights out, on one of Alexandra Palace's better offerings. That reminded us that we had read of similar occurrences within the past few months. This may not come strictly within our critical sphere, but we step outside it for a moment to warn you of the possibility of the same thing happening to you. If we may offer a word of advice, it is to suggest that you be economically extravagant and leave a few lights burning around the house, thereby avoiding the impression that it is empty. Also don't get too absorbed in the programme. Keep an ear lifting for odd sounds. It may be the cat, making hay in the kitchen—but it might not be.

Those amateur suggestions bring us to an excellent documentary series, about those whose profession it is to circumvent wrong-doers and bring them to the heel of the law: "War on Crime." These are written up in narrative form, from Scotland Yard files of actual crimes, by Guy Morgan and Percy Hoskins, produced by Robert Barr and acted by a cast of professional actors. The result inspires me to another suggestion: that this series should be shown in prisons and corrective institutions to demonstrate what endless care and patience go to the work of the police, and what a silly notion it is that crime could ever pay—in the end.

THE Shakespeare anniversary, this year, was distinguished by a different sort of crime. We refer to André Morell's performance in the name part of *Othello*. What Mr. Morell was aiming at, we still have not the faintest idea. It might have been naturalism by the way he threw away his early scenes as beneath bothering about. He may have meant to respect the verse, by the sing-song way he intoned the lines. (But unfortunately he sounded like a poor imitation of Charles Laughton.) It could have been an attempt to portray a nature with a slumbering passion, hideous once aroused. That was when we heard him grinding his teeth more distinctly than the words. Nor was the production in any way glamorised by Joan Hopkins, who was faithfully colourless, in the colourless part of Desdemona. Against these two shades, the fine performances of Stephen Murray as Iago and Margaretta Scott as Emilia stood out all the more clearly in blessed relief. In spite of his handicapping leads, George More O'Ferrall's production was very sound, and Barry Learoyd's settings the most effective we have seen.

Things are brightening up on the Variety front. Another new series has become airborne, in the shape of "Such Is Life," starring Bobby Howes. This is an amiable piece of nonsense, which does not throw too great a strain on one's intelligence and yet, on the other hand, does not insult it. Its chief charm, surprisingly, is that it makes one laugh.

A scene from the play, with (l. to r.): Lavinia Chamberlayne, Alexander MacColgie Gibbs, An Unidentified Guest, Peter Quilpe, Julia and Edward Chamberlayne, played respectively by Alison Leggatt, Robin Bailey, Rex Harrison, Donald Houston, Gladys Boot and Ian Hunter.

ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF "THE COCKTAIL PARTY."

AT last T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* has come to London, to the New Theatre. Starting with its success at the 1949 Edinburgh Festival it flew to New York, with Alec Guinness starring, where, at the Henry Miller Theatre, it plays to capacity. The background of this psycho-analytical verse-play is the failure of a barrister and his wife to make a success of their marriage, even after twelve years. The Unidentified Guest, introduced into the party is a psychiatrist. The "other woman," Celia Coplestone, is played by Margaret Leighton.

Rex Harrison, star, with his leading lady, Margaret Leighton, read congratulatory telegrams after the first London performance.

And Rex Harrison with his wife, Lilli Palmer. Her dress—dove-grey net.

SCREEN.—Herbert Lom, who gets the only round of applause I have ever heard for a screen character actor as the perky Black Marketeer in *State Secret*. This man, in his own type of part, is the greatest discovery since Peter Lorre.

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

RADIO.—Pamela Brown: For her intense but controlled performance of Rebecca West in *Rosmersholm*.

STAGE.—Michael Hordern: For his fine shot at the complex and voluble character of Ivanov in the Tchehov rarity of that name at the Arts Theatre Club.

LITERATURE.—Miss N. Brysson Morrison: For her fresh and kindly novel, *The Winnowing Years*.

"RETOUR À LA VIE."—A powerful film with a crushing grip on the emotions. It consists of the stories of five returned prisoners of war, the first of which stars Louis Jouvet (left) as a crippled and embittered Frenchman.

"ALL THE KING'S MEN."—A Hollywood prize-winning Best-Film-of-the-Year. Seen above are Best-Actor Broderick Crawford (left) in the lead, Best-Supporting-Player Mercedes MacCambridge, and an excellent young actor, John Ireland.

THE CINEMA

*

REVIEWS . . . *by C. A. LEJEUNE*

"RETOUR À LA VIE."

France, which gave us one of the first great omnibus films in *Un Carnet de Bal*, comes back to the job again with *Retour à la Vie*. In that case the tone was nostalgic: in this, the note is grim. The film presents the stories of five prisoners of war, four men and one woman, who are welcomed with expressions of delight and pity on their return to France. Individual reactions to this home-coming differ according to temperament and experience, but the general effect on all of them is the same—a terrible disillusionment. These prisoners, the film claims, have a goodwill and humanity that is desperately lacking in most of the people they have left behind.

The overall impression of *Retour à la Vie* is a tremendously powerful one. Some customers will prefer one episode, others another; but taken as a whole, the film has a crushing grip on the emotions. The first and most memorable of the five stories (directed by Henri Clouzot) introduces Louis Jouvet as a crippled and embittered Frenchman, into whose room there stumbles a German prisoner, an ex-camp commandant, mortally wounded and on the run from the police. Both Frenchman and German are teachers and intellectuals. The Frenchman is obsessed by a passionate desire to understand, before he decides whether his visitor is to die painfully or painlessly, what motives have turned him into a mass-murderer. This is a terrible episode, but I lay long odds it 's one you won't forget.

The second story (directed by Georges Lampin), with our Patricia Roc, is a gaily cynical trifle, about a returned soldier who gets a job as night barman at a W.A.A.C. hostel, and learns, on his first stretch of duty, just why the ladies require a night barman. The third (director, Andre Cayatte) is a piece of real macabre, about a woman who comes back a living corpse from Dachau. The third and fourth have the same sort of bittersweet flavour, which is not odd, since they are the work of the same director, Jean Dreville. The one, with that beautifully delicate comedian Noel-Noel, shows what happens to a puzzled little man who is fortuitously honoured as the fifteen-hundredth-thousandth repatriated prisoner. The other (strongly reminiscent of our *Frieda*) describes the problems of a farmer who brings back an unwelcome wife from Germany. These last episodes, I imagine, may be regarded as concessions to popular sentiment by the purists, but I must admit that I loved them, because they dared to end on a happy note.

With all these five episodes, *Retour à la Vie* runs for fully two hours, and provides a pretty heavy session. I don't think many people, though, will want to go out before it is over. There is something here to move, excite and interest everybody; a thesis for endless discussions; not to mention a salutary prick in the innards. A great film, and a wonderful value for money, I should have said.

"ALL THE KING'S MEN."

The Hollywood prize-winning film *All the King's Men* (Best Film of the Year; Best Actor, Broderick Crawford; Best Supporting Player, Mercedes MacCambridge) is concerned with American politics; primarily, but not exclusively. The distinction is important, for if the piece were to depend for its British reception on the customer's interest in the electoral campaigns of the United States, its chances of survival would be pretty slender. Fortunately, this good film doesn't rely, in the final instance, on the appeal of politics, but on the strength of its characters, most of whom are vigorously alive, and terrifying studies of the way that bad company can corrupt good men.

The hero, Willie Stark, is a very good man to start with. An illiterate hick from the backwoods, his one idea is to help his fellow-hicks by bettering local conditions. He gets himself painfully educated, and marries his schoolteacher. He becomes a small-town lawyer, and endears himself to the people by his outspoken but blundering stump speeches. So honest is he, so popular, and so ingenuous, that the professional politicians have no difficulty in using him as a shadow candidate to split the vote in the election for State governor. Willie loses the election, as was always intended, but he has learnt enough about crooked politics to show him how to win the next one. His character changes. He becomes more and more corrupt, and more and more successful. He resorts to blackmail, ruins any man who stands in his way, deserts his wife, causes his son's death, takes to drink and women, turns into a raving megalomaniac, and all the time manages to hold the fanatical devotion of the people. Newsreels feature him with the comment "Messiah or Dictator?" The latter word pains Willie. But when a man whose sister he has seduced is smart enough to get past his bodyguard and shoot him, in the moment of his greatest public triumph, he is honestly bewildered by such a misunderstanding gesture. Why should this have happened to *him*? he wonders, and dies, whispering his great ambition "All the world—Willie Stark."

All this makes for a powerful story, and is told with a vigour and sharpness that is worthy of it. Its main weakness as a screen version of a strong novel is the too-sudden change in Willie's character. Clearly, the film (long enough in any case) has no time to enter at this stage into subtleties. But complete change of character doesn't happen overnight, except in films, and the translation of the old Willie Stark into the new Willie Stark seems over-simplified. The acting is almost all good. Broderick Crawford richly earns his award for the leading performance, and so indeed does the oddly-named Mercedes MacCambridge for her sketch of Willie's ex-mistress and loyal secretary. An underrated young actor named John Ireland, however, seemed to me largely responsible for the effect of the film with his quiet work as Willie's reluctant agent. A good screen type, this Ireland, something between Rex Harrison and Montgomery Clift.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON."—A really first-class Western, beautifully manipulated by John Ford, with a jolly theme-song, masses of action, and some often beautiful colour.

"STATE SECRET."—Excellent British thriller, out of *The Thirty-nine Steps* by *The Third Man*, about an American surgeon who has to beat it fast from a Central European State. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Jack Hawkins give it powerful counterpoise; Herbert Lom has a brilliant bit as a disarming black marketeer: and you *must* hear Glynis Johns singing "Paper Doll" in Vosnian.

"JOUR DE FÊTE."—A brilliant French exhibition of basic slap-stick, strongly recommended to people who like the *genre*. Written, directed and demonstrated by Jacques Tati, whom publicists have decided to call the Chaplin of France.

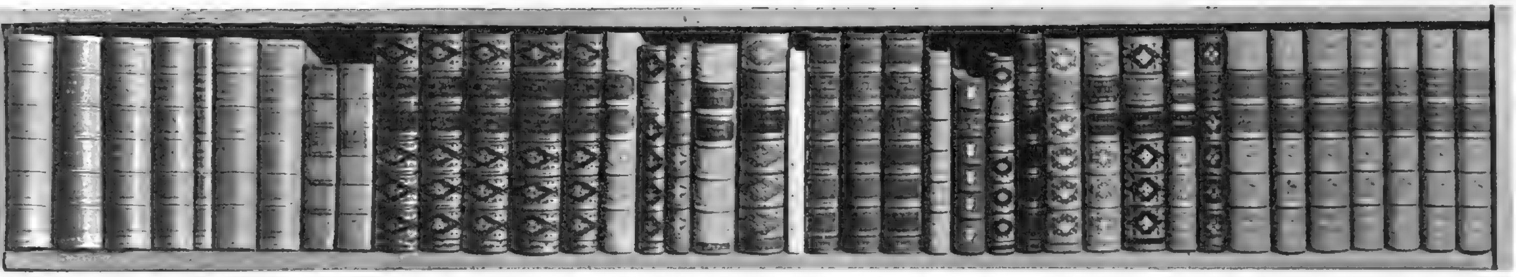
"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE."—Barbara Stanwyck casts off socialite husband James Mason, and turns to poor-but-honest Van Heflin, against a background of handsome New York settings. On the current evidence of acting ability, she gets the better man.

"ONE-WAY STREET."—James Mason again, as a "hot" gangster doctor, on the run to Mexico. An expendable film, but a new girl with interesting light eyes, called Marta Toren, is worth watching.

. . . AND PREVIEWS

Treasure Island, Robert Louis Stevenson's classic, is Walt Disney's first all-live-action feature. The story was originally filmed in 1934; soon afterwards Disney secured the rights to make it again himself at some later date, and this Technicolor version, due to be seen shortly, is the result of fifteen years' planning. On the right is Bobby Driscoll as the boy, Jim Hawkins, and Robert Newton as the pirate, Long John Silver—parts which in 1934 were taken respectively by Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery.

(Below.) An incident in *Treasure Island* in which Jim Hawkins tells how he has overheard Long John Silver plotting mutiny and murder. Left to right are Basil Sidney as Captain Smollett, Denis O'Dea as Dr. Livesey, Walter Fitzgerald as Squire Trelawney, and Bobby Driscoll as Jim Hawkins.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE WINNOWING YEARS.
By N. Brysson Morrison.
(*The Hogarth Press ; 9s. 6d.*)

MISS BRYSSON MORRISON makes no concession to popularity either in the title or in the stated theme of her book. "Winnowing," in the former, has the most tiresome associations, for me at any rate, and should be put on the index of words to be avoided in titles, like "warp" and "woof," "glean" and "harvest," "bond" and "bounty," and a host more. The theme, one gathers from the blurb, is an uninviting one—the stories of the successive families who have inhabited an old Manse in the countryside near Glasgow since the time of the Covenanters. But appearances once again are deceptive. This is one of the most fresh and delightful historical novels I have read in years.

The Manse is seen at four distinct periods, from the seventeenth to the twentieth centuries, so that we meet no fewer than four Presbyterian ministers and their families. The first of these is persecuted for challenging the ecclesiastical authorities, who sought to persuade him to receive presentation from a bishop. "Within the kirk all men are equal," says Mr. Bowman. "Let them throne their kings without, but within there are no kings, no crowns, no cushions." For this opinion he loses his living, and his son, also a minister, is hanged. The story of his daughter's strange marriage and of an old murder for gold, are both woven into his own. In the eighteenth century, with the Pollocks in possession of the Manse, we hear about their daughter Nicholas, and hers is a beautifully "period" love-story. The incumbent of Victorian times is a bachelor, and his is the most dramatic of the tales, and the final one brings the history down to the outbreak of the last war. Certain landmarks and names run through all of them, and the antiquarian minister of modern times finds remains of earlier events which are understood by the reader better than by him. The whole thing is without forced erudition and without a dull page, a warm-hearted memorable book which will make most readers glad that they have found it and read it.

★

ALL THY CONQUESTS.
By Alfred Hayes. (*Gollancz ; 9s.*)

THIS also consists of a number of stories welded together to make a novel, but unlike those of *The Winnowing Years* they are happening at the same time as well as in the same place, which in this case is Rome. But here, too, there is a unity about the book, an effect of completeness, which saves it from the disjointedness which might have been inherent in its plan. There is the Fascist leader on trial for his life, whose story goes back to the last days of German occupation and beyond, a bitter and vengeful piece of writing. There is Giorgio and his down-and-out friends who are found in the Forum. There is the Marchese, who is married to the daughter of a former Italian general and covets his possessions. There is Carla, the young girl who is in love with an American soldier. There is Harry, the G.I. who remembers that on the day when he first entered Rome under flags and flowers he had met an Italian girl who was kind to him. And there is Captain Pollard, who is living with a grass-widow called Antoinette. All ends about as unhappily as possible. The Fascist is seized by the mob and thrown into the Tiber, where a young man beats him to death with his oar. The Marchese betrays the General to the Socialists and the General commits suicide. Carla discovers that the American is married and tries to commit suicide. Harry, the G.I., finds that the girl whose memory he has treasured has become a prostitute. Antoinette's husband appears and Pollard finds that Antoinette returns to him. It is not a pleasant picture, but it is powerfully written, and perhaps does no more than justice to the wretched lives it follows in that time and place.

Books in Brief

FIRES IN SMITHFIELD.
By Jack Lindsay. (*The Bodley Head ; 12s. 6d.*)

This story of life in London in the last years of Bloody Mary's reign is full of the treachery and intrigue of the age.

THE GARDEN OF PERFECT BRIGHTNESS.
By Hope Danby. (*Williams and Norgate ; 18s.*)

A quite remarkable book. Ostensibly the story of the making of a pleasure garden in Imperial China and its decay and ruin, it brings to life a whole period and reveals many strange characters.

THE MASTERPIECE.
By Emile Zola. (*Paul Elek ; 12s. 6d.*)

A new translation by Thomas Walton of *L'Œuvre*, which was first published in 1886.

A VOICE THROUGH A CLOUD.
By Denton Welch. (*Lehmann ; 10s. 6d.*)

I found this painful reading. It is an unfinished autobiographical novel of hospital life by the young writer who died a year ago after thirteen years of painful illness which resulted from a road accident. It is beautifully written, courageous and not intrinsically gloomy.

THE YOUNG CRICKETER : Compiled with the assistance of The Cricket Enquiry.
(*Naldrett Press ; 10s. 6d.*)

A fascinating illustrated symposium whose contributors include "Plum" Warner, Denis Compton, Neville Cardus, Learie Constantine, and other personalities renowned in the world of cricket. The book is the outcome of collaboration between the Enquiry into the Welfare of English Cricket, set up by the M.C.C., and the Naldrett Press Ltd., and the entire royalties will be devoted by the M.C.C. to the development of the game amongst the youth of the country, half the amount being earmarked for the English Schools Cricket Association.

MIDNIGHT LACE.
By Mackinlay Kantor.
(*Falcon Press ; 10s. 6d.*)

THERE is an air of amateurishness about this novel, as if the author were attempting something beyond his scope. But a great deal can be forgiven him for his excellent sense of period—a very interesting period at that. The story is set in Lexington, Iowa, in 1911, when cars were beginning to drive horses off the road: the America of the early cinema, of Theodore Roosevelt and Wallace Reid. Dolly Hessian leaves Chicago for the smaller town to work as a milliner and secure a husband who will relieve her of the necessity of that work. She is pretty and cleverly dressed, but that is really all we know about her, and I could not help wondering whether the author knew much more, for although he surrounds her with some keenly silhouetted minor characters, he never brings Dolly to life in all the long story he tells of her. She gets her man, needless to say Ben Steele, owner of the town harness store; she pushes him into politics and begs him to change his horses for motor cars. There are startling events towards the end of the book—a Senator who has always admired Dolly falls from a window and is killed, leaving Dolly in possession of a tell-tale piece of jewellery, and the stables are burnt down and Ben suspects her of incendiarism. But all ends well, because Dolly had tried to save the horses, and because she wears midnight-blue lace on her hat, and this "lures" Ben, and would, in the stilted closing words of the book, "be indicative of his desire for her again."

★

ALL SORTS AND KINDS.
By Christopher La Farge.
(*Macmillan ; 10s. 6d.*)

THERE is a general preface to this collection of short stories in which Mr. La Farge claims that he has never tried to write down to anyone. "Yet almost all of the difficult stories I have written have been sold to the magazines and frequently to those of large circulation." He goes on to explain that some of his stories "deal with matters that require a particular experience or degree of maturity," and to name one which "will not be understood wholly by any but a very few who have not passed the age of forty-five." Moreover, to each of the seventeen stories here there is a footnote explaining how or where or why it was written, by which periodical it was accepted or rejected. The author seems determined not to let the stories speak for themselves. This is a pity, because they might well have done so. They are bright, competent little tales, often enlivened by descriptions of ski-ing or shooting. They include a new telling of the one about the farm girl who turns out to be the great film-star, and of the one about the artist who puts his whole soul on canvas and sees it destroyed. But in smaller, more pin-pointed studies, Mr. La Farge can be original and convincing. There is an excellent vignette of an old Irish domestic servant, and a picture of an improvident housewife being unexpectedly visited by her husband with two women friends. And so on. Many of them have appeared in the *New Yorker*, and any of them might have done. But there is a beguiling slickness about them which carries you from one to the other without the least effort of brain or will.

MISS PAULINE JOHNSON IN

Cotton Organdie...

Dresses to dream

Left: Chalky white broderie anglais over a fitted slip for a dream of a dress by Julian Rose. The sleeves are typically short, the waist sashed with a splash of colour. £18 4s. at Harrods; Bon Marché, Liverpool.

A little dress for the young on big occasions. Roecliff and Chapman style it in Swiss broderie anglais, with a skirt made for dancing, a neckline to flatter pretty shoulders. £21 at Finnigans, Bond Street; Alexandrine, Nottingham.

about. . . by Elizabeth Penrose

THE fairest of this season's dreamy dresses, designed with an eye on big occasions, are already here for your selection. For Ascot, Henley and the Chelsea Flower Show, for summer dining and the parties of the Season, look fresh and sparkling in a new way wearing lace, broderie anglais or a filmy dress of Swiss voile.

The sleeveless dress, a bodice of black crocheted lace, the skirt of cotton satin. At Hattie Carnegie, New York. With it, a Mr. John hat, dreamy chiffon gloves, roses and velvet at the waist.

From eight o'clock till late o'clock wear a red-and-white-dotted Swiss dress that dances out in the widest of hemlines, has the newest handkerchief top and shoulder-bows. By Dorville. £14 4s. at Fenwick, Bond Street; Samuels, Manchester.

A full, fragile gown of filmy periwinkle lace over white taffeta, piped, banded and tied at the waist with velvet; the neck drops down like an arrow. A New York version of the "dreamy dress" by Rivielte.

One of the delightful thin, starchy dresses promised for hot weather. Grey broderie anglais over matching silk, as cool and smart as anything you could wish. By Susan Small. £19 4s. at Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street; Taylors, Bristol.

The Odd Half-Page

STRANGE STORY OF A DOOR-KNOB

By Stephen Watts

A ROUND-FACED young G.I. ran his pencil down a stencilled list and murmured, "Lemme see now . . ." He seemed to be in sole charge of the billeting office, and I felt he was still savouring the pleasure of ordering officers about. I was a casual or transient, on a one-man job, and I was tired and I wanted a bed. "Yeah, here we are—you'll have Room 13 at the Hotel Monopole." He added "Sir"—but only just. Still, I couldn't make myself care, so I thanked him and asked him where the Hotel Monopole was.

"Place d'Erlon," he said, though I wouldn't like to try to render *how* he said it. "You can't miss it—it's the main drag."

The Place d'Erlon in Rheims (or SHAEF Forward as it was more commonly known in those days) is a handsome and picturesque street—"main drag" indeed!—but these are adjectives which could not be applied to the Hotel Monopole as it was then, a requisitioned billet. It was distinctly dingy and, as I went in on that warm, dusty afternoon, only the pungency of floor-wax countered the impression that it had been abandoned by humanity.

The clumping of my boots stirred nobody, but at last I found a scribbled notice on the wall announcing that the arrivals should report to "the Madame" on the first floor. There were five doors, and three of them were locked. The fourth opened and an American major who was taking off his boots looked up in surprise, said "Hi," and went on with what he was doing. In the fifth half-a-dozen women and children were crowded round a table silently eating. A warm wave of garlic passed between their questioning faces and me. Among them was one man in a khaki shirt, so I addressed him. He was American, and without getting up he told me Room 13 was on the third floor.

No. 13—I am not superstitious, but considering what happened in the twenty-four hours I was its tenant I am tempted to be—was pretty grim. The cotton sheet was pale-grey, and somebody had written "Sonia" boldly, vertically and repeatedly over the bed, between the floral tramlines of the nightmarish wallpaper.

I got out of the Monopole speedily, did my business at SHAEF, made a bloomer by having a drink in a bar reserved for red-tab colonels and above, and had an early night between the grey sheets. I woke up with the name "Sonia" in my mind, couldn't understand it because I don't know a Sonia, and then remembered about the wallpaper graphita.

That morning my business took an unexpected turn which made it necessary for me to be at Versailles, preferably by the same evening. I had no transport, and for once even Jeeps were in short supply. Eventually I was offered a lift in a car leaving headquarters for Paris at 2 p.m.

At 1.40 I had had a quick lunch and packed my grip up in Sonia's room. I went to the door and found myself grasping a short metal rod where the handle should have been. The handle must have been there in the morning, but it had vanished now. The metal stump would not turn. It was one of those locks consisting of layers of thin metal, and after I had damaged my nails and numbed my fingers I decided it was impossible to fight my way out with my bare hands. It was now ten to two. I knocked. I banged. I shouted.

I opened the window which overlooked a courtyard, but there was no sign of life. I roared "Madame." The sound bounded off the building opposite but produced no result. The thick peace of siesta hung over the place.

Then I noticed an object on a window ledge at right angles to where I stood. Of all things it was a white porcelain door-knob. I leaned out, farther, farther, until I reached the precarious point where my own window ledge was across my thighs and my finger-tips were on the other ledge. Slowly, painfully I inched forward, my trunk now wholly suspended three floors above the yard. Gradually I managed to close my fingers round the knob, which tended to slither away as I touched it. Slowly I wriggled back. It was five minutes to two. I could still make that car. I dashed to the door. The handle did not fit the stump.

Perhaps they play games with the door-knobs in the Hotel Monopole, spiriting this one away, hiding that one on window ledges; I don't know. But I do know that my hard-won knob and my bedroom door had obviously never met before, nor were they closely related.

I cursed myself for having no jack-knife, which I always carried when I was in the ranks. I scratched ineffectually some more. I rummaged despairingly in my grip for something, anything, that might open a door. At the bottom my fingers touched something hard and cold. I pulled it out. It was a small metal hair-slide. Ask me for a piece of stout wire at any normal time and I shall fail you. The odds against my having such an item on my person are high, but when combined with the chance of needing such a thing they must be astronomical. I bent the hair-slide into a straight line and attacked the door. It might have been made for the job. The lock slipped back easily and I was out. Puffed, I reached the car just as it was starting up.

This is a very unsatisfactory story. What happened to my door-knob? How did that other door-knob happen to be on the window ledge? And above all, how did a hair-slide come to be at the bottom of my grip?

I haven't the slightest idea. It was all very odd.

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WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

John, son of Col. and Lady Violet Astor, Hever Castle, Kent, and Diana, daughter of Mr. George Drummond, of Mount Rule, Isle of Man, and the late Mrs. Drummond.

Edward Aston Barker, O.B.E., son of the late E. Cecil Barker and of Mrs. Barker, of Leaslip, Haslemere, and Barbara Marion, daughter of the late Charles Bett, and of Mrs. Bett, of Down Court, Haslemere.

John Lalande Bulley, B.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bulley, of Castle Cary, Somerset, and Nora June, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Buck, of Newmarket, Suffolk.

Gerald Armstrong Payn, son of the late Sydenham Armstrong Payn, of Kingsdown, Dover, and Joan Mary de Salis, daughter of Count and Countess Anthony de Salis, of Benter, Stratton-on-the-Fosse, near Bath.

The Earl of Westmorland, son of the late Earl of Westmorland, and the Countess of Westmorland, of Lyegrove, Badminton, Gloucestershire, and Jane, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. L. Findlay, of Naseby Woolleys, Rugby.

Major James Robert Hanbury, of Burley-on-the-Hill, Oakham, son of the late Major E. R. Hanbury, and of Mrs. Murray Graham, and Sarah, daughter of the late Sir Henry Birkin, and of the Hon. Mrs. Niall Chaplin.

Philip Leigh, son of Capt. E. P. L. Hare, of 80, St. George's Square, W.1, and Lady Kathleen Hare, of Reeds Cottage, Brockenhurst, and Anne Lisle, daughter of Major and Mrs. G. Nicholson, of Parehayne Farm, Colyton, Devon.

Flight Lieut. Nicholas Roger, son of the late E. Lyell Bristow, and of Mrs. Lyell Bristow, of 67, Cheyne Court, Chelsea, and Una Clare, daughter of the late Sir Anthony Vincent, and of Lady Vincent, of 29, Rossetti Gardens Mans., Chelsea.

John, son of the late Capt. P. R. Bland, and of Mrs. Bland, of Forton House, near Shrewsbury, and Alison, daughter of the late Mr. R. C. Dun, and of Mrs. Dun, of Fitz Manor, near Shrewsbury.

SPORT

RACING

May	12, 13.	Haydock and Kempton.
,,	13, 15.	Worcester.
,,	16-18.	York.
,,	17, 18.	Salisbury.
,,	19, 20.	Hurst Park and Liverpool.
,,	20, 22.	Hamilton Park.
,,	22, 23.	Warwick.
,,	24-27.	Epsom.

GENERAL SPORT

BOXING: A.B.A. *v.* I.S.B.A. at Empire Pool, Wembley, on May 17.

CAR RACING: Grand Prix of Great Britain (Grand Prix d'Europe), May 13. Grand Prix de Monaco, May 21. Ulster Trophy Road Races for sports and racing cars on May 27.

CRICKET: Cambridge University *v.* West Indies at Cambridge on May 17; M.C.C. *v.* West Indies at Lord's, May 20; Cambridge University *v.* The Army at Cambridge, May 20; Oxford University *v.* West Indies at Oxford, May 24.

DOG SHOWS: Bath Championship Dog Show on May 4.

FENCING: Junior Epée Championship, May 13, 14. Hanover Square.

GOLF: England *v.* France at Morfontaine, May 13-14; Open Amateur Mixed Foursomes, at Berkhamsted, May 14; Ladies' Amateur Championships at R. County Down, May 15-19; Amateur Championship at St. Andrews, May 22-27.

HORSE SHOWS: Royal Windsor Horse Show, May 11-13.

TENNIS: Open Hard Court Tennis Tournament at Hurlingham Club, May 8-13.

ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

Favourites

"Oklahoma!" . . . . Drury Lane.
"Traveller's Joy" . . . Criterion.
"The Heiress" . . . . Haymarket.
"Harvey" . . . . . . Piccadilly.
"Brigadoon" . . . . His Majesty's.
"Worm's Eye View" . . Whitehall.
"Beaux' Stratagem" . . . . Lyric.
"Young Wives' Tale" . . . Savoy.
"King's Rhapsody" . . . . Palace.
"Treasure Hunt" . . . . Apollo.
"Castle in the Air" . . . . Adelphi.
"Venus Observed" . . . St. James's.
"Ring Round the Moon" . . Globe.
"Latin Quarter" . . . . . Casino.
"Folies Bergère" . . Hippodrome.
"A Lady Mislaid" . . St. Martin's.
"The Way Things Go" . . Phœnix.
"Mr. Gillie" . . . . . . Garrick.
"Queen Elizabeth Slept Here" . . . Strand.
"Home at Seven" . . . Wyndham's.
"Larger Than Life" . . . . . . Duke of York's.
"A Streetcar Named Desire" . . . Aldwych.

Newcomers

"Deadlock" (Comedy)—drama by Leslie Sands, with Freda Jackson and Mervyn Johns. May 16.

"Touch and Go" (Prince of Wales)—successful revue from Broadway with Anglo-American cast. May 19.

"If This Be Error" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—coming from its opening at Bath Festival for five weeks from May 24.

"The Winter's Tale" opens the 1950 Shakespeare season at Regent's Park Open Air Theatre on May 25.

Larry Parkes and Betty Garrett at the Palladium. May 29–June 17.

"The Holly and the Ivy" (Duchess)—by Wynyard Browne, with Jane Baxter and Herbert Lomas. Just transferred to the West End.

"Background" (Westminster)—new play by Warren Chetham-Strode, with Valerie White and André Morell. May 17.

"The First Victoria" (Embassy)—by Hal D. Stewart, period A.D. 61. May 23.

MUSIC

At Royal Albert Hall:

Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Edwin Fischer, playing four Bach concertos. May 11.

Beethoven programme. London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Eduard van Beinum. May 14.

London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Eduard van Beinum, on May 18.

Kirsten Flagstad with Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Furtwangler in a programme of Wagner music. May 22.

OPERA

At Sadler's Wells: last performance of the season is the new production of "Hugh the Drover." May 20. D'Oyly Carte Opera Company present an eight-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan from May 22.

At Covent Garden: first performance of a revival of "Manon." May 18.

BALLET

At Covent Garden: The repertoire includes new ballet "Ballabile," with choreography by Roland Petit.

At Sadler's Wells: A Gala Performance to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of Sadler's Wells ballet, on May 15.

At London Coliseum: International Ballet will give first performance of "Visions" on May 11, and "Gaieté Parisienne" on May 23.

ART

Burlington House: Royal Academy Summer Exhibition.

The Tate: William Rothenstein Memorial Exhibition until June 4.

Victoria and Albert: English Art 1660-1750 in newly-arranged galleries. Open May 24.

Degas' pastels, paintings and sculpture at Lefevre Gallery, Bruton Street, W.1, from May 17 to June 10.

Christian Bérard Exhibition at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1, from May 13.

Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours Spring Exhibition at R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street, W.1.

Works by Angna Enters and Cyril Mann at 20, Brook Street, W.1, until May 26.

Scenes de Ballet, at Wildenstein Gallery, Bond Street. Until May 27.

Dutch and Flemish Masters at Slatter Galleries, Old Bond St., W.1.

New English Art Club Spring Collection at R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, from May 12–30.

R.B.A. Summer Exhibition at R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. May 13–June 17.

SOCIAL

A Dinner-Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship on May 15. The Duchess of Kent has promised to attend.

The Annual Birthday Ball for Débutantes in the Great Room at Grosvenor House on May 18.

The Royal Caledonian Ball in the Great Room at Grosvenor House on May 19. Pipers of the Scots Guards, and dancing to Sydney Lipton's Orchestra.

Foyle's Literary Luncheon at the Dorchester on May 24. The theme will be "Beards," and all the guests of honour will be bearded; they include Clifford Bax, Compton Mackenzie, Laurence Housman, Michael Ayrton.

CEREMONY

The King and Queen hold Presentation Parties at Buckingham Palace on May 10 and 11. On May 13 they witness the Grand Prix d'Europe motor race at Silverstone.

Princess Margaret attends a gala performance at Sadler's Wells Theatre, to commemorate the twenty-first Birthday of the Sadler's Wells Ballet on May 15. On May 19 she visits Sea Rangers at Portsmouth. On May 20 she attends the St. John Ambulance Brigade Annual Cadet Dramatic Finals at Toynbee Hall, Commercial Street, E.1. On May 22 she receives purses at the annual festival of the Shaftesbury Society, Central Hall, Westminster.

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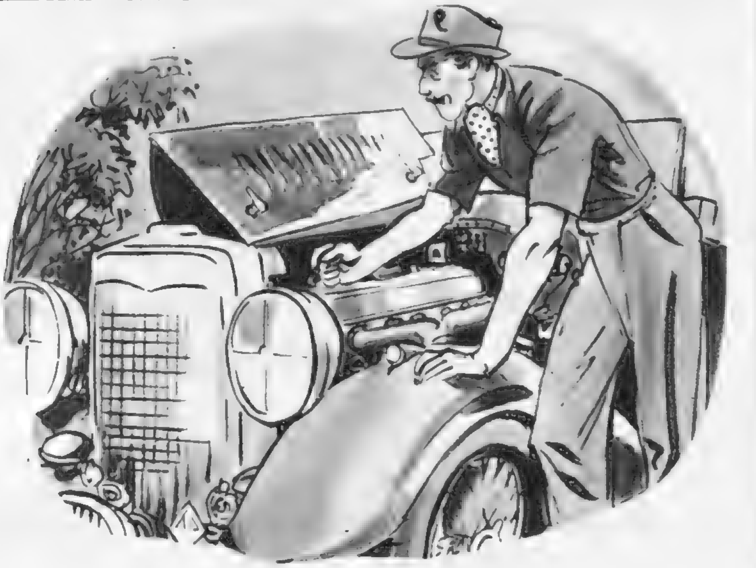

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19th-20th	Cruiser yacht race Deauville—St. Valery.
21st-23rd	Thion de la Chaume Golf Competition.
25th-26th	Tennis and Golf Competitions between British and French M.P.s.
27th-30th	Deauville Cup at the Sporting Tennis Club. (Races at Clairefontaine during July.)

AUGUST :— Horse Racing, Sale of Yearlings—Polo.

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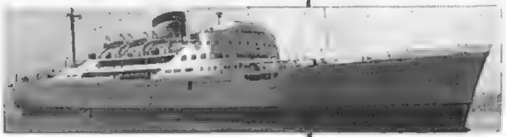

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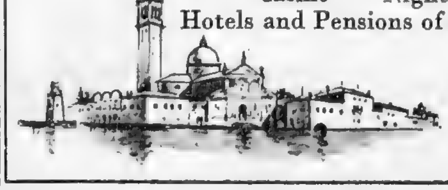

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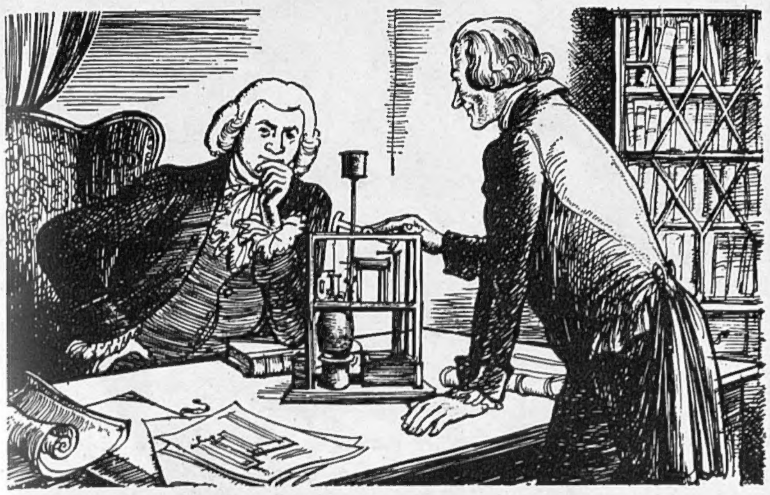

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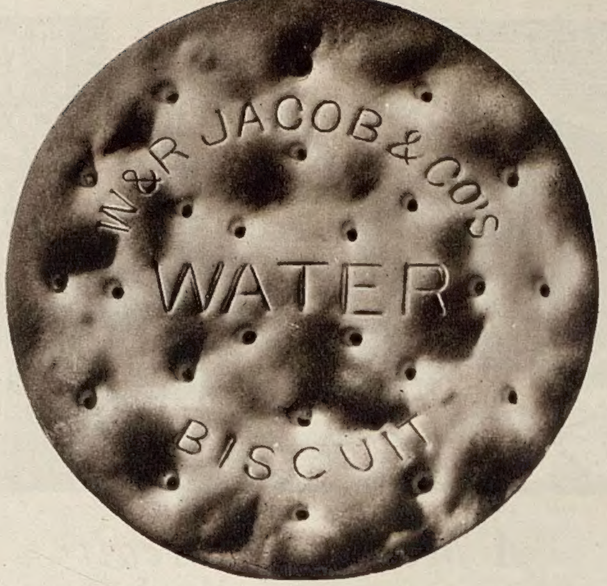

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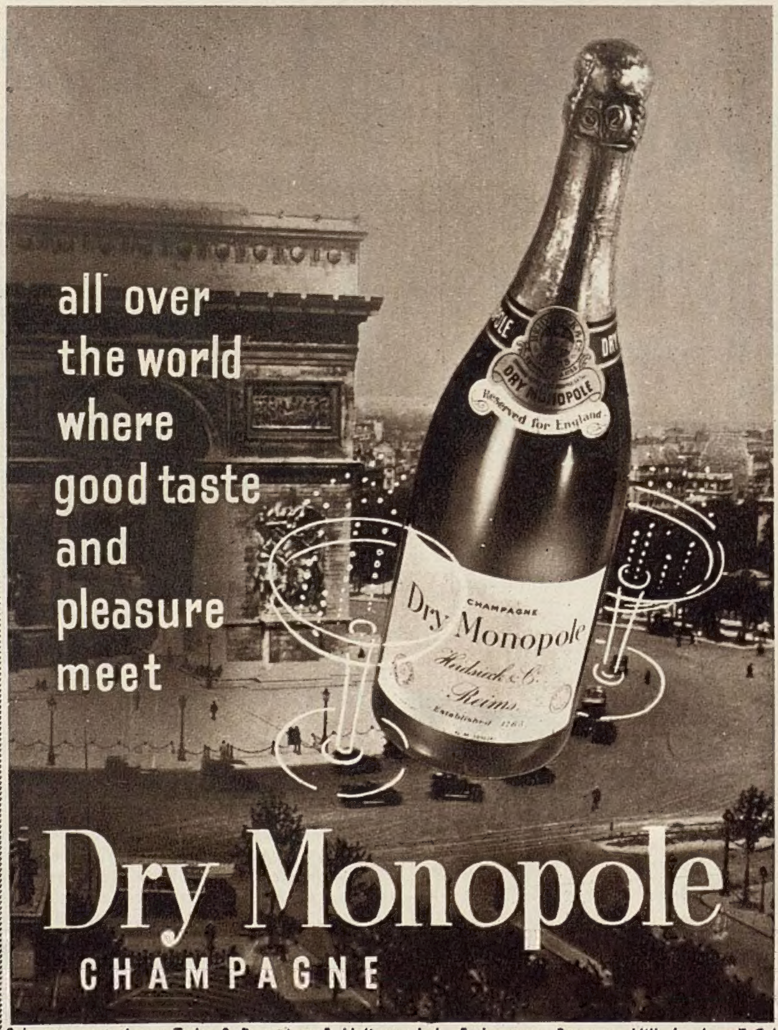

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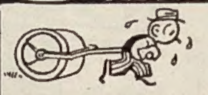

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